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Frontispiece

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COURT OF QUEEN ISABELLA

THE

CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, PD.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE "WARD RATIONAL READERS"

SEVENTH YEAR

ASPIRATION AND SELF-RELIANCE

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

1910

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INTRODUCTION

THE spirit of the Seventh Reader is that of Aspiration and worthy Enterprise. It is the spirit of the young knight who, having fed his student mind with high and higher conceptions of what is noble and to be emulated, prepares for his own career of service by fresh and earnest reminders of the world's great need and of the paths that have been made glorious by the footprints of those who have refused to wander from the pursuits of truth and justice. All the qualities of a wise and valiant knighthood appear and appeal in these lessons selected from among the more stirring episodes of wholesome life and fiction. In their study it is borne in upon the young reader that a timely Obedience is not incompatible with a fiery Independence of spirit; Prudence and Temperance with the most warlike Ardor in assertion and defence of great causes; Contentment and Modesty with the Pride of the honest man and brave soldier; Charity and Tolerance and Patience with noble Indignation against all that is mean, dishonest, or cruel. Stimulation and restraint go hand in hand in this training more distinctly than heretofore.

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SEVENTH YEAR

I. COLUMBUS AND HIS DISCOVERY

1. In the last quarter of the fifteenth century an Italian mariner, a citizen of the little republic of Genoa, who had hitherto gained a livelihood as a pilot in the commercial service of different countries, made his appearance successively at various courts in the south and west of Europe, soliciting patronage and aid for a bold and novel project in navigation. The idea of reaching the *East* by a voyage around the African continent had begun to assume consistency; but the vastly more significant idea, that the earth is a globe, and capable of being circumnavigated, had by no means become incorporated into the general intelligence of the age.

2. And thus to reach the East by sailing in a western direction, this was a conception which no human being is known to have formed before Columbus, and which he proposed to the governments of Italy, of Spain, of Portugal, and of England, and for a long time without success. The state of science was not such as to enable men to discriminate between the improbable and the absurd. But the illustrious adventurer persevered. Sorrow and disappointment clouded his spirits, but did not shake his faith nor subdue his will. His well-instructed imagination had taken firm hold of the idea that the earth is a sphere.

3. What seemed to the multitude, even of the educated of that day, a doubtful and somewhat mystical theory

— what appeared to the uninformed mass a monstrous paradox, contradicted by every step we take upon the broad, flat earth which we daily tread beneath our feet — that great and fruitful truth revealed itself to the serene intelligence of Columbus as a practical fact, on which he was willing to stake all he had — character and life. And it deserves ever to be borne in mind, as the most illustrious example of the connection of scientific theory with great practical results, that the discovery of America, with all its momentous consequences to mankind, is owing to the distinct conception in the mind of Columbus of the single scientific proposition — the terraqueous earth is a sphere.

4. After years of fruitless and heart-sick solicitation, after offering in effect to this monarch and to that monarch the gift of a hemisphere, the great discoverer touches upon a partial success. He succeeds, not in enlisting the sympathy of his countrymen at Genoa and Venice for a brave brother sailor; not in giving a new direction to the spirit of maritime adventure which had so long prevailed in Portugal; not in stimulating the commercial thrift of Henry the Seventh, or the pious ambition of the Catholic king. His sorrowful perseverance touched the heart of a noble princess, worthy the throne which she adorned. The New World, which was just escaping the subtle kingcraft of Ferdinand, was saved to Spain by the womanly compassion of Isabella.

5. It is truly melancholy, however, to contemplate the wretched equipment for which the most powerful princess in Christendom was ready to pledge her jewels. Three small vessels, one of which was without a deck, and no one of them probably exceeding the capacity of a pilot boat, and even these impressed into the public service,

composed the expedition fitted out under royal patronage, to realize that magnificent conception in which the creative mind of Columbus had planted the germs of a new world. No chapter of romance equals the interest of this expedition.

6. The departure from Palos, where, a few years before, he had begged a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his wayworn child; his final farewell to the Old World at the Canaries; his entrance upon the trade winds, which then for the first time filled a European sail; the portentous variation of the needle, never before observed; the fearful course westward and westward, day after day and night after night, over the unknown ocean; the mutinous and ill-appeased crew; at length the tokens of land; the cloud banks on the western horizon; the logs of drift-wood; the fresh shrub floating with its leaves and berries; the flocks of land birds; the shoals of fish that inhabit shallow water; the indescribable smell of the shore; the mysterious presentiment that ever goes before a great event; and, finally, on that ever memorable night of the 12th of October, 1492, the moving light seen by the sleepless eye of the great discoverer himself from the deck of the *Santa Maria*, and in the morning the real, undoubted land, swelling up from the bosom of the deep, with its plains, and hills, and forests, and rocks, and streams, and strange new races of men — these are incidents in which the authentic history of the discovery of our continent excels the specious wonders of romance, as much as gold excels tinsel, or the sun in the heavens outshines the flickering taper.

— EDWARD EVERETT.

II. COLUMBUS

1. Behind him lay the great Azores,
   Behind the gates of Hercules;
   Before him, not the ghost of shores,
   Before him, only shoreless seas.
   The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
   For lo! the very stars are gone.
   Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
   "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

2. "My men grow mutinous, day by day;
   My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
   The stout mate thought of home; a spray
   Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
   "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
   If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
   "Why, we shall say at break of day,
   'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

3. They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
   Until at last the blanched mate said,
   "Why, now not even God would know
   Should I and all my mates fall dead.
   These very winds forget their way,
   For God from these dread seas is gone.
   Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
   He said, "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

4. They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
   "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
   He curls his lip; he lies in wait
   With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word.
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

5. Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It grew. A starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: "On! and on!"

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

III. SCOTT AND HIS HOME

1. It is among the very earliest recollections of my schooldays that the master told us youngsters that the great author Sir Walter Scott was dead. And I think some lout of a boy down the bench, who was a better hand at marbles than he ever was at books, said in a whisper that two or three of us caught, "I wonder who he was."

2. It was at a later day that we boys began to catch the full flavor of "Waverley," and the "Heart of Midlothian," and of that glorious story of battles and single-handed fights in which the gallant Saladin and the ponderous Richard of the Lion Heart took part.

3. We may possibly have read at that age his "Tales of a Grandfather"; and we may have heard our kinsfolk talk admiringly of the "Lady of the Lake" and of "Marmion"; but we did not measure fairly the full depth

of the schoolmaster's grave manner, when he told us, in 1832, that Walter Scott was dead.

4. For my part, when I did get into the full spirit of "Guy Mannering" and of "Ivanhoe," some years later, it seemed to me a great pity that a man who could make such books should die at all — and a pity that he should not go on writing them to the latest generation of men.

5. That feeling, I think, I had not wholly shaken off when I wandered, twelve years later, along the Tweed, looking sharply out in the Scotch mist for the gray ruin of Melrose Abbey.

6. I knew that this beautiful ruin was near to the old homestead of Walter Scott, toward which I had set off on a foot pilgrimage, a day before, from the old border town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. I had kept close along the river, seeing shepherds at sheep washing on Tweed-side, seeing old Norham Castle, and Coldstream Bridge, and the palace of the Duke of Roxborough.

7. I had slept at Kelso, had studied the great bit of ruin which is there, and had caught glimpses of Teviotdale and of the Eildon Hills. I had dined at the drover's inn of St. Boswell's; I had trudged out of my way for a good look at Smaillholme Tower, and at the farmhouse of Sandy Knowe, both of which you will find mentioned if you read (as you should) Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

8. Dryburgh Abbey, with its gloom and rich tresses of ivy vines, where the great writer lies buried, came later in the day. At last, in the gloaming, I toiled into the little town of Melrose. There is not much to be seen there but the abbey in its ghostly ruin. I slept at the George Inn, dreaming — as I dare say you would have done — of "Ivanhoe," "Rebecca," and border wars and "Old Mortality."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

9. Next morning after breakfast I strolled two miles or so down the road, and by a little green foot gate entered upon the grounds of Abbotsford. This was the home that Walter Scott created, and the home where he died.

10. The forest trees under which I walked were those which he had planted. I found his favorite out-of-door seat, sheltered by a thicket of arbor-vitæ trees, from which there could be caught a glimpse of the rippled surface of the Tweed, and a glimpse of the many turrets that crowned the house of Abbotsford.

11. But, pray, where were Tom Purdy, and Laidlaw, and Maida, and Sibyl Gray? For you must remember I was, in that day, fresh from a first reading of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," in which all these, and many more, appear, and give life and stir to the surroundings of this home at Abbotsford.

12. You will read that book by Lockhart some day, and you will find in it that Tom Purdy was an old out-of-door servant of Scott, who looked after the plantation and the dogs, and always accompanied the master upon his hunting frolics and his mountain strolls. Laidlaw did service in a more important way indoors, reading and writing for the master of the house.

13. Maida was a noble stag hound, whom Scott loved almost as much as any creature about him, and of whom he has left a charming portrait in old Bevis, whose acquaintance you will make whenever you come to read the tale of Woodstock. As to Sibyl Gray, that was the name of the stout nag which carried Scott safely through fords and fens.

— DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IV. THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

1. A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

2. At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow —
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

3. Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
Now, tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,
"Not I!
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go, then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away!"

4. Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must go without food.

V. FIRE IN A FOREST

1. We were one night sound asleep in our cabin, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of horses and lowing of cattle suddenly awakened us.

2. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly; the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs.

3. On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far-extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses.

4. All this was done in a very short time. We then mounted and made off from the fire. My daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze had already laid hold of the house.

5. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes; and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had elapsed they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last of them.

6. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in herds sprang before us as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching. We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors and knew that they were in the same predicament.

7. I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames, and urged my wife to whip up her horse; we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

8. By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid every instant that our horses would drop. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere outshone the daylight.

9. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased.

10. Ten miles are soon gone over on swift horses; but notwithstanding this, our hearts failed us when, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, we reached the borders of the lake. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

11. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down we plunged among the rushes by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

12. On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the

woods. The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

13. The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh.

14. The night passed, I cannot tell how. Smoldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us.

15. Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever.

16. We were now cool enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we moved from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. The forest had become a grim wilderness of smoking and blackened skeletons. A shower of charred twigs fell around us.

17. What was to become of us we did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past; so I thought it would be both ungrateful and unmanly to despair now.

18. Hunger once more pressed upon us; but this was soon remedied. Several deer were still standing in the

water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

19. By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile we prepared to commence our march.

20. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we made the best shifts we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated. — AUDUBON.

VI. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

1. I remember, I remember
   The house where I was born,
   The little window where the sun
   Came peeping in at morn;
   He never came a wink too soon,
   Nor brought too long a day;
   But now I often wish the night
   Had borne my breath away!

2. I remember, I remember
   Where I was used to swing,
   And thought the air must rush as fresh
   To swallows on the wing;
   My spirit flew in feathers then,
   That is so heavy now,
   And summer pools could hardly cool
   The fever on my brow!

3. I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

— THOMAS HOOD.

VII. SAVED BY A THREAD

1. For weeks passers-by had watched with interest the building of a very tall chimney for a factory in the outskirts of one of Scotland's smaller towns.

2. As the brick walls mounted higher and higher, slanting upward from a broad base to a narrow top that seemed to reach the sky, the scaffolding that supported the workmen rose with it on every side.

3. At last the day came when the last brick was laid and the finishing touches put to the top of the chimney. Then down came the scaffolding, story by story, carefully lowered by the workmen to the ground below.

4. It happened that one of the bricklayers, being tired when his work was ended, having nothing more to do, yet not being quite sure that he would not be needed for some hand's turn, had lain down to rest on the broad coping at the chimney top, and had fallen asleep.

5. Down came the scaffolding, story by story, with the great crowd of people watching from below to see how the chimney would look when undressed, as it were. It takes not nearly so long to pull a scaffolding apart as it does to put it together.

6. Suddenly, as the last plank was removed, a great cry arose. The workman had arisen from his untimely nap and was looking down at the people far beneath him. He was trying to shout something to them, but they could not hear what he said.

7. The alarm spread, and presently the man's wife came running. She did not stop to wring her hands and beg the men to put up the scaffolding again. That would have taken a long time. She knew a quicker way.

8. Putting her hands to her mouth and shouting as loudly as she could, she called up to him, "Unravel thy stocking!" As soon as the man heard her, he knew what she had in mind. He promptly sat down and took off his shoe and the strong woolen stocking his wife had knit him not long before.

9. After a while, a bit of mortar came dangling down the chimney side, at the end of many feet of good Scotch yarn. Meanwhile the wife had brought a ball or two of strong cord. This was tied to the yarn, and the man pulled it up.

10. When he had the stout cord firm in his hand, the workmen tied to it a rope strong enough to bear the man's weight. This he hoisted by means of the cord. He pulled up enough of it to reach over the chimney top and all the way down on the other side.

11. When both ends of the rope were strongly held in the hands of the workmen below, he began his descent. Hand over hand, he came down the rope. No one feared for him now, for all chimney builders have to be good climbers.

12. He reached the ground in safety, and then the rope was let go at one end and pulled down by the other. The man went home after shaking hands with his neighbors, thankful that he had such a thoughtful wife. — *Retold.*

VIII. THE TIDES

1. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
   Floods the calm fields with light;
   The airs that hover in the summer sky
   Are all asleep to-night.

2. There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
   That murmured all the day;
   Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
   Is not more still than they.

3. But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
   His rising tides I hear;
   Afar I see the glimmering billows leap:
   I see them breaking near.

4. Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,
   Pure light that sits on high;
   Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
   The mother waters lie.

5. Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show,
   Again, its glimmering crest;
   Again it feels the fatal weight below,
   And sinks, but not to rest.

6. Again, and yet again; until the Deep
   Recalls his brood of waves;
   And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
   Back to his inner caves.

7. Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess
   With noise and tumult soon,
   And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
   Up toward the placid moon.

8. Oh, restless sea! that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain,
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain

9. The glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glow,
And on these mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestow.

10. Then only may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IX. OUTSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID

1. The first glimpse that most travelers now get of the Pyramids is from the window of the railway carriage as they come from Alexandria; and it is not impressive. It does not take one's breath away. The well-known triangular forms look small and shadowy, and are too familiar to be in any way startling. It is only in approaching them, and observing how they grow with every foot of the road, that one begins to feel that they are not so familiar after all.

2. When at last the edge of the desert is reached, and the long sand slope climbed, and the rocky platform gained, and the Great Pyramid in all its unexpected bulk and majesty towers close above one's head, the effect is as sudden as it is overwhelming. It shuts out the sky and the horizon. It shuts out all the other Pyramids. It shuts out everything but the sense of awe and wonder.

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT

3. Now, too, one discovers that it was with the forms of the Pyramids, and only their forms, that one had been acquainted all these years past. Of their surface, their color, their relative position, their number, one had hitherto no definite idea.

4. Even the Great Pyramid puzzles us with an unexpected sense of unlikeness. We all know that it was stripped of its outer blocks some five hundred years ago to build Arab mosques and palaces. Nevertheless, the rugged, rock-like aspect of that giant staircase takes us by surprise. Nor does it look like a partial ruin. It looks as though it had been left unfinished, and the workmen might be coming back to-morrow.

5. The color again is a surprise. Few persons can be aware beforehand of the rich tawny hue that Egyptian limestone assumes after ages of exposure to the blaze of an Egyptian sky. Seen in certain lights, the Pyramids look like piles of massy gold.

6. It is no easy task to realize, however imperfectly, the duration of six or seven thousand years. The Great Pyramid, which is supposed to have been some four thousand two hundred and odd years old at the time of the birth of Christ, is now in its seventh millennium. Suddenly the writer became aware that these remote dates had never presented themselves to her mind until this moment as anything but abstract numerals.

7. Now, for the first time, they were no longer figures, but years with their changes of season, their high and low Niles, their seed-times and harvests. More impressive by far than any array of figures or comparisons was the shadow cast by the Great Pyramid as the sun went down.

8. The mighty shadow, sharp and distinct, stretched across the stony platform of the desert and over full three

quarters of a mile of the green plain below. It divided the sunlight in the upper air, and it darkened the space that it covered like an eclipse.

9. It was not without a thrill of something approaching to awe that one remembered how this self-same Shadow had gone on registering, not only the height of the most stupendous gnomon ever set up by human hands, but the slow passage, day by day, of more than sixty centuries of the world's history.

10. It was still lengthening over the landscape as we went down the long sand slope and gained the carriage. Some six or eight Arabs in fluttering white garments ran on ahead to bid us a last good-by. "You come again!" said they. "Good Arab show you everything. You see nothing this time."

— AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

X. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

1. Woodman, spare that tree!
   Touch not a single bough!
   In youth it sheltered me,
   And I'll protect it now.
   'Twas my forefather's hand
   That placed it near his cot;
   There, woodman, let it stand;
   Thy ax shall harm it not.

2. That old, familiar tree,
   Whose glory and renown
   Are spread o'er land and sea,
   And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke;
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

3. When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

4. My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

— GEORGE P. MORRIS.

XI. THE MYRMIDONS

1. A dreadful plague settled down upon the beautiful island of Ægina. People said it was sent by the goddess Juno because the island bore the name of a person she disliked.

2. It seemed as if the angry goddess meant to smother all the inhabitants. The sky settled down upon them like a blanket. The clouds, borne upon the deadly south wind,

would admit no cooling breeze from any other quarter. For four long months the stifling airs prevailed.

3. Decay and death got into the wells and springs. Cattle and sheep began to die. Dogs and other domestic animals followed. The beasts of the forest lay down in their lairs and on the trail to rise no more. Birds on the wing forgot their gayety and fell writhing to the earth. Poisonous reptiles increased in numbers and infested the land.

4. Disease fastened upon the people, and, one by one, they fell by the wayside and in their homes. The sickness spread, and they died by tens and then by hundreds, and then so fast that there was not time to bury the dead. The life of the living became a horror.

5. At length a lonely king was left to mourn his subjects. He wended his way to the temple of Jupiter. He prayed that his people might be given back to him or himself taken away. Jupiter heard and answered him with a loud clap of thunder. He left the temple, much encouraged.

6. Near the temple stood an oak tree, sacred to Jupiter. The ants that made their home at the root of the sacred oak had not fallen victims to the plague. The king stopped to watch their busy life. He prayed that citizens as many as these might be given him to repeople his wasted land. A rustle in the tree top answered him, and he went home to his palace.

7. In his dreams that night he saw the tree. Many creatures were climbing about among its branches. They were the ants, but grown astonishingly large. The tree shook its limbs, and they fell in a shower to the earth.

8. There they ran about, and as they ran they continued

to grow larger. Their forms, too, began to change. Two of their legs became human arms, two human legs, and the other two they dropped. They stood erect, and gradually lost their black color.

9. The king regarded them with amazement. They grew more human in appearance with every passing minute. It seemed as if Jupiter meant to undo the mischief of Juno by turning the ants into new subjects for the bereaved king.

10. The sleeper awoke, and began to grieve aloud that so beautiful a dream had been dispelled. Then he heard a multitude of voices without the palace walls. He looked forth and saw his dream realized. A new people awaited his command.

11. With joy the king accepted the wonderful gift. His new subjects were more obedient than the old had ever been. They owed their very existence as human beings to his intercession with Jupiter. They felt that their welfare depended on his will, and always did his bidding without question. Even when he lent armies of them to other kings to wage their wars for them, they went without demur.

12. The king named his new subjects Myrmidons, because they had once been ants.

— *Greek Myth.*

XII. THE BEAUTIFUL

1. Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

2. I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the Beautiful.

3. Aye, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the Beautiful.

4. Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
Some in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! whate'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise;
Then seek it everywhere.

5. Thy bosom is its mint: the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee: believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so; and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.

6. Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup? —
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flower, "Look up,
And be thou Beautiful!" — if thou hast faith,
It will obey thy word.

7. One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue:
It turns the feelings prematurely old:
And they who keep their best affections young
Best love the Beautiful!

— BURRINGTON.

XIII. BEHIND TIME

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, where two trains usually met. The train was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; reënforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season, all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day, on which the firm had bills maturing to large amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was

found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time.*

5. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger.

6. The last moment was up and the execution took place. It could not be longer delayed. Immediately after a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too late, making its bearer arrive *behind time.*

7. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is *behind time.* There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are *behind time.* There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever *behind time.*

— *Selected.*

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR

1. The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else could it happen that young men who have had precisely the same opportunities should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you. — WIRT.

XIV. HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL

1. "It is my belief," said William Ladd, when President of the American Peace Society, "that the principles of peace, if carried into practice, will maintain good-will among neighbors as well as among nations.

2. "But there was a time when I had not thought much about this subject. At that period I believed that if a man struck me a blow, it was fair and best to strike back again, without considering whether there was not some better way of overcoming the offender. Or, if a man did me an injury, why, as people commonly say, I would give him as good as he sent.

3. "I had then a farm. A poor man, who lived on adjoining land, neglected to repair a fence which it was his business to keep in order. In consequence of his neglect his sheep got into my wheat field and did much mischief. So I ordered my man Sam to go to the neighbor and tell him that he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out.

4. "But the sheep came in again, and being a very orderly man myself, I was much provoked. 'Sam,' said I, 'go to that fellow and tell him that, if he does not keep his sheep out of my wheat field, I will have them shot.' Even this threat did not succeed: the sheep were in again.

5. "'Sam,' said I, 'take my gun, and shoot those sheep.' 'I would rather not,' replied he. 'Rather not, Sam! why, there are but three. It is no great job.'

6. "'No, sir; but the poor fellow has only these three sheep in the world, and I do not like to shoot a poor man's sheep.'

7. "'Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?'

8. "'Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a

rough kind of a message. It made him angry, and so he would not do it.'

9. "I reflected a few minutes, and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy. 'Shall I put in the gun?' asked he.

10. "'No!' was my reply. A slight smile appeared on his lips, but he said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor's. He lived a mile off, and I had ample time to think the matter over.

11. "When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood; there were but few sticks of wood, the house was poor, and my heart was softened. 'Neighbor,' I called out; the man looked sulky and did not lift up his head. 'Come, come, neighbor,' said I, 'I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me halfway.'

12. "He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his ax, and came to the wagon. 'Neighbor,' said I, 'we have both been in the wrong: you neglected your fence, and I got angry and sent you a provoking message. Now let us both face about, and both do right, and feel right. I will forgive, and you shall forgive. Let us shake hands.' He did not feel quite willing to give me his hand, but he let me take it.

13. "'Now,' said I, 'neighbor, drive your sheep down to my south pasture; they shall share with my sheep till next spring; you shall have all the increase, and next summer we will start fair.'

14. "His hand was no longer dead in mine. He gave me a good, friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'I think you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all.'

15. "And that little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was the first step toward my devoting myself to the American Peace Society." — *Selected.*

CHARITY

1. Could I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

2. Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep;
What were such zeal, such power, to me,
Without the grace of charity?

3. Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future, as the things gone by;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span;
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest — charity.

4. Charity suffers long, is kind;
Charity bears a humble mind;
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

5. The tongues of teachers shall be dumb;
Prophets discern not things to come;
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought;
But charity shall never fail —
Her anchor is within the veil.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

XV. A JOURNEY IN BRAZIL

1. I have said little about the insects and reptiles which play so large a part in most Brazilian travels, and, indeed, I have had much less annoyance from this source than I had expected. But I must confess that the creature which greeted my waking sight this morning was not a pleasant object to contemplate. It was an enormous centipede close by my side. He was nearly a foot in length. His innumerable legs looked just ready for a start, and his two horns or feelers were protruded with a most venomous expression.

2. These animals are very hideous to look upon, and their bite is painful, though it is not dangerous. I crept softly away from my sofa without disturbing my ugly neighbor, who presently fell a victim to science, being very adroitly caught, and consigned to a glass jar filled with alcohol.

3. Captain Faria says that centipedes are often brought on board with wood, among which they usually lie concealed, seldom making their appearance, unless disturbed and driven out of their hiding places.

4. To less noxious visitors of this kind, one soon gets accustomed. As I shake out my dress, I hear a cold flop on the floor, and a pretty little house lizard, which has found a warm retreat in its folds, makes his escape with all celerity. Cockroaches swarm everywhere, and it would be a vigilant housekeeper that could keep her closets free from them.

5. Ants are the greatest nuisance of all, and the bite of the fire ant is really terrible. I remember once having hung some towels to dry on the cord of my hammock; I was

about to remove them when suddenly my hand and arm seemed plunged into fire. I dropped the towels as though they had been hot coals, and then I saw that my arm was covered with little brown ants.

6. Brushing them off in all haste, I called the servant, who found an army of them passing over the hammock, and out of the window near which it hung. He said that they were on their way somewhere, and if left undisturbed, would be gone in an hour or two. And so it proved to be. We saw no more of them.

7. Yesterday we arrived at Pedreira, a little village consisting of some fifteen or twenty houses hemmed in by forest. The place certainly deserves its name of the "place of stones," for the shore is fringed with rocks and bowlders. We landed at once, and Mr. Coutinho and Mr. Agassiz spent the morning in geologizing and botanizing.

8. In the course of our ramble we came upon an exceedingly picturesque Indian camp. The river is now so high that the water runs far up into the forest. In such an overflowed wood a number of Indian boats were moored; while, on a tract of land near by, the Indians had cleared a little grove, cutting down the inner trees, and leaving only the outer ones standing, so as to make a circular arbor. Within this arbor the hammocks were slung; while outside were the kettles and water jugs, and utensils of one sort and another.

9. In this little camp were several Indian families, who had left their mandioca plantations in the forest to pass the Christmas festa in the village. We asked the women what they did, they and their babies, when it rained.

10. They laughed, and pointing to their canoes, said that they crept under the arched roof of palm thatch, which always incloses the stern of an Indian boat, and

were safe. Even this, in the open river, would not be a protection; but, moored as the boats are in the midst of a thick wood, they do not receive the full force of the showers.

11. After we returned to the village and rested at the priest's house half an hour, he proposed to send us to his little mandioca plantation at a short distance in the forest, where a particular kind of palm, which Mr. Agassiz greatly coveted, was to be obtained. In this country of inundated surfaces, land journeys are often made by water. So we started in a boat, and after keeping along the water for some time, we turned into the woods and began to navigate the forest.

12. The water was still and clear as glass: the trunks of trees stood up from it, their branches dipped into it. As we wound in and out among them, putting aside a bough here and there, or stooping to float under a green arbor, the reflection of every leaf was so perfect that wood and water seemed to melt into each other, and it was difficult to say where one began and the other ended. Silence and shade so profound brooded over the whole scene that the mere ripple of our paddles seemed a disturbance.

13. After half an hour's row we came to dry land, where we went on shore, taking our boatmen with us. The wood soon resounded with their hatchets as the palms fell under their blows. We returned with a boat load of palms, besides a number of plants of various kinds that we had not seen elsewhere. We reached the boat just in time; for scarcely were we well on board and in snug quarters again when the heavens opened and the floods came down.

— *The Journal of Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz.*

XVI. THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AGASSIZ

1. It was fifty years ago,
   In the pleasant month of May,
   In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
   A child in its cradle lay.

2. And Nature, the old nurse, took
   The child upon her knee,
   Saying: "Here is a story book
   Thy Father has written for thee.

3. "Come, wander with me," she said,
   "Into regions yet untrod,
   And read what is still unread
   In the manuscript of God."

4. And he wandered away and away
   With Nature, the dear old nurse,
   Who sang to him night and day
   The rhymes of the universe.

5. And whenever the way seemed long,
   Or his heart began to fail,
   She would sing a more wonderful song,
   Or tell a more wonderful tale.

6. So she keeps him still a child,
   And will not let him go,
   Though at times his heart beats wild
   For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.

Louis Agassiz

7. Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of the mountain streams,
From the glaciers clear and cold.

8. And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

XVII. EULOGY ON JAMES A. GARFIELD

1. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

2. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death; and he did not quail.

3. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently

borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell? What brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties!

4. Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

5. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

6. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will,

within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

7. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

8. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

—JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

HE LIVES LONG WHO LIVES WELL

Wouldst thou live long? The only means are these,
'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates':
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thy actions than thy days;
Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here,
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only WAS — he did not LIVE.

— RANDOLPH.

XVIII. THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

1. Hoping to reach the camp of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on dark and overcast, with flying clouds and much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burned brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber-looking groups that were cooking, eating, and drinking around them.

2. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched everything that was going on round them, in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them food and, what they most relished, coffee; for the Indians partake of the universal fondness for this beverage, which pervades the West. When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves, side by side, before the fire, and began a low nasal chant, drumming with their hands upon their breasts by way of accompaniment.

3. Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating, not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection *huh!* uttered almost like a hiccough. The chant related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all that they knew of our plans. This mode of improvising is common throughout the savage tribes; and in this way, with a few simple inflections of the voice, they chant all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humor and dry

satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone than is generally imagined.

4. In fact, the Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories.

5. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.

6. In the course of my journey along the frontier I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games, and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the

death of a relative or friend; and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

XIX. CENTENNIAL SONG

1. Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!
Spirit of Freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,
Rivers, answer, and mountains, call!
The golden day has come:
Let every tongue be dumb
That sounded its malice or murmured its fears:
She hath won her glory;
She wears her story;
We crown her the *Land of a Hundred Years!*

2. Out of darkness and toil and danger,
Into the light of Victory's day —
Help to the weak and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way!
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother breast:
The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the *Queen of a Hundred Years!*

3. North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's —
Child of each is her faithful son!

We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee, and time endears:
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a THOUSAND YEARS!

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

XX. SUMMER

1. I thank Heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly — even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.

2. Two days since, I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away; and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past I have been lying, this blessed summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream! unchanging, unfaltering, — with no harsher notes now than then, — never growing old, smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools, I love you as I love a friend.

3. But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow

of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farmhouse. The window blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late blossoming white azalea, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance.

4. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances, as the breeze moves the branches, upon the oaken floor of the farmhouse. Through one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades, and can just catch, floating on the air, the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.

5. Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, the tyrant king bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear tree, and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory watch.

6. As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills. The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunderclouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon; the light breeze dies away, and the

air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window.

7. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings that came faintly before now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn.

8. The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for its coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and, like swift-working golden ropes that lift it towards the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growing thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

9. I thrust away my azalea boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops of gold that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

10. The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders. The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm

breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain, upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

11. Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree-toad doling out his lugubrious notes.

12. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then — like great grief spending its pent agony in tears — come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first proud tread of youth.

— DONALD G. MITCHELL.

XXI. LITTLE GIFFEN

1. Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

2. "Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed, —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

3. And we watched the war with abated breath, —
Skeleton Boy against Skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

4. And didn't. Nay, more! in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

5. Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

6. I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

— FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

XXII. NEVER-ENDING PROGRESS

1. It is a man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature infinite possibilities of growth. The growth of animals comes quickly to an end, and when they cease to grow, they cease to be joyful; but man, whose bodily development even is slow, is capable of rising to wider knowledge and purer love through unending ages. Hence, even when he is old, if he has lived for what is great and exalted, his mind is clear, his heart is tender, and his soul is glad.

2. Only those races are noble, only those individuals are worthy, who yield without reserve to the power of this impulse to ceaseless progress. Behold how the race from which we have sprung — the Aryan — breaks forth into ever new developments of strength and beauty in Greece, in Italy, in France, in England, in Germany, in America; creating literature, philosophy, science, art; receiving Christian truth, and through its aid rising to diviner heights of wisdom, power, love, and knowledge.

3. And so there are individuals — and they are born to teach and rule — for whom to live is to grow; who, forgetting what they have been and what they are, think ever only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished; their development is never complete; their work is never done.

4. From victories won they look forward with confidence to other battle-fields; from every height of knowledge they peer into the widening nescience; from all achievements and possessions they turn away toward the unapproachable Infinite to whom they are drawn. Walking in the shadow of the too great light of God, they are illumined and they are darkened.

5. This made Newton think his knowledge ignorance; this makes St. Paul think his heroic virtue naught. Oh, blessed men, who make us feel that we are of the race of God; who measure and weigh the heavens; who love with boundless love; who toil and are patient; who teach us that workers can wait. They are in love with life; they yearn for fuller life. Life is good, and the highest life is God; and wherever man grows in knowledge, wisdom, strength, in faith, hope, and love, he walks in the way of heaven. — JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

XXIII. THE SKY

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence — he ceases to feel them if he be always with them.

2. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful — never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

3. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes — upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm — only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of?

4. One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole clattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

5. All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet, it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in "the still, small voice." They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning.

6. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive

majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual, — that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood, — things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once, — it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

— JOHN RUSKIN.

XXIV. OUR HONORED DEAD

1. How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there.

2. There is to be, ere long, in every village and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the national festival shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

3. Oh, tell me not that they are dead — that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a

cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

4. Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now, he is augmented, set free and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

5. Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor them whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality.

6. O mother of lost children! set not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when

a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

7. Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

XXV. THE INQUIRY

1. Tell me, ye wingèd winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered — "No."

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer — "No."

3. And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded — "No."

4. Tell me, my secret soul; — oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death? —
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered — "Yes, in HEAVEN!"

— CHARLES MACKAY.

XXVI. WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

1. In the summer of 1857 the *Fox*, a small vessel with auxiliary steam power, was dispatched to the Arctic regions, under the command of Captain McClintock, to make another search for Sir John Franklin and his missing vessels.

2. On September 7 the crew found themselves surrounded by ice-floes, from which it was impossible to get free. From that time until the 17th of April, 1858, they never moved, except at the mercy of the ice, and as they were drifted with the winds and currents. They had lost all command over the ship, and were frozen in the moving pack.

3. Preparations for the winter were now made in earnest. They had thirty large dogs besides themselves to feed, and no opportunity was lost of shooting seals.

By permission of Hampton Magazine

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S SHIP "ROOSEVELT," AMONG THE ICE-FLOES ON ITS WAY TO THE NORTH POLE

The sea-birds had all left for the southward. The bears occasionally came to look at the ship, but the sailors could not chase them, on account of the broken state of the ice.

4. Provisions were brought upon deck, sledges and traveling equipages prepared, and every arrangement made by the captain in event of being turned out of the ship. As the winter advanced, the ship was housed over with canvas and covered with snow, for both captain and men had made up their minds to winter in the pack, and to drift, no one knew whither.

5. Their first anxiety arose from a fear that the ship would be dashed to pieces against some grounded icebergs, towards which the mass of ice in which the *Fox* was embedded might be drifting. The floes opened and tore up against the icebergs like turf before the plow; and, had the ship come in contact with any of them, it must have been instantly destroyed. This peril was happily escaped, and in a few days the vessel and the surrounding ice had drifted out of danger.

6. A bear came to look at the ship one night, and was chased by the dogs to some thin ice, through which it broke. All hands turned out on this occasion to see the sport; and, notwithstanding the intense cold, many of the men, in their excitement, did not wait to put on their extra clothes. The bear was dispatched with their rifles, although he made some resistance.

7. In December a school for reading, writing, and navigation was commenced. Captain McClintock lost no opportunity of providing amusement and recreation, so necessary to men in such a dreary life. Besides the ordinary duties of the ship, they were also exercised daily in building snow houses and preparing traveling equipages.

8. At the winter solstice, December 21, they had only

about half an hour's partial daylight. Once in twenty-four hours the type of the *Times* newspaper could just be distinguished on a board facing the south, where, at noon, a slight glimmer of light was reflected above the horizon. In the zenith and northwards the stars shone brilliantly. In the absence of light and shade it was not possible to walk over the ice, for hummocks could not be distinguished from the floe. All presented a uniform level surface; and, in walking, one was in constant danger of falling into the fissures or running against the blocks of ice.

9. All must now, therefore, be content with an hour or two's tramp alongside, or on the snow-covered deck under housing, and during the remainder of the day to sit below in their cabins, endeavoring to read and talk away the time.

10. They saw no change, nor did they hope for any till the spring. Gale followed gale. An occasional alarm of a disruption in the ice, a bear or seal hunt, formed their only excitement. Indeed, they at times almost desired some crisis, to break the dreadful monotony of their lives.

11. Their walks abroad afforded them no recreation, for they were without an object; there was literally nothing to see or hear; north, south, east, or west, there was nothing but snow and hummocks. The only thing possible was to walk to windward, so as to be certain of returning safe and not frost-bitten, or to pick out a smooth place and form ingenious patterns with footprints.

12. By January 29, 1858, the *Fox* had drifted into latitude 72° 46′ north, longitude 62° west, and, by the aid of refraction, the crew saw the sun for the first time since November 2 in the preceding year. The weather had now become intensely cold, the mercury was frozen, and the spirit thermometer registered 46° below zero.

13. The men had great difficulty in clearing their bed places of ice, and their blankets froze nightly to the ship's side; but they had the sun to shine on them, and that made amends for all. A different world was before their eyes. Even in these dreary regions, where nothing moves, and no sounds are heard save the rustling of the snow-drift, the effects of the bright sun are so exhilarating that a walk is then quite enjoyable.

14. A memorable day was February 26, when the crew of the *Fox* opened the skylight and let in daylight below, where they had been living for four months by the light of their solitary dips. The change was indeed wonderful, and at first uncomfortable.

15. The breaking up of the ice was attended with considerable danger. On March 25 a wide fissure, which had been opening and closing during the previous fortnight, closed with such force as to pile up tons and tons of ice within forty yards of the ship, and shattered the floe on a line with the deck. The pressure continued, and on the following night a huge block was hurled within ninety yards of the ship. Another such a night and the little *Fox* would have been crushed, and the crew would have been turned out upon the floe.

16. The *Fox* was not free of the ice until April 25, when a swell entered into the pack, and gradually increased, until the ice commenced dashing against the sides of the vessel. These violent shocks continued throughout the morning, and seemed as if they would destroy the ship. However, by the power of steam and with a strong fair wind the crew commenced pushing out.

17. On the following day not a piece of ice could be seen, save a few distant bergs. The little vessel was dancing on the waters, surrounded by innumerable sea-

birds, seals, and whales. On April 28 she was safely moored in Holsteinborg harbor. Her anchors had not been down, nor had any of the crew stood on the land since August 3 in the preceding year. Ice-bound and imprisoned, they had drifted upwards of twelve hundred miles.

— *Selected.*

XXVII. MY PLAYMATE

1. The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
   Their song was soft and low;
   The blossoms in the sweet May wind
   Were falling like the snow.

2. The blossoms drifted at our feet,
   The orchard birds sang clear;
   The sweetest and the saddest day
   It seemed of all the year.

3. For, more to me than birds or flowers,
   My playmate left her home,
   And took with her the laughing spring,
   The music and the bloom.

4. The lilies blossom in the pond,
   The bird builds in the tree,
   The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
   The slow song of the sea.

5. I wonder if she thinks of them,
   And how the old time seems, —
   If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
   Are sounding in her dreams.

6. I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

7. What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours;
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

8. O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

9. The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

10. And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea;
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

XXVIII. THE GOOD READER

1. It is related of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that as he was seated one day in his private apartment, a written petition was brought to him, with the request that it should be immediately read. The king had just returned from hunting, and the glare of the sun, or some

other cause, had so affected his eyesight that he found it difficult to make out a single word of the manuscript.

2. His private secretary happened to be absent, and the soldier who brought the petition could not read. There was a page, or favorite boy-servant, in attendance in the corridor, and upon him the king called. The page was a son of one of the noblemen of the court, but proved to be a very poor reader.

3. In the first place he did not articulate distinctly. He huddled his words together in the utterance, as if they were syllables of one long word, which he must get through with as speedily as possible. His pronunciation was bad, and he did not modulate his voice so as to bring out the meaning of what he read. Every sentence was uttered with a dismal monotony of voice, as if it did not differ in any respect from that which preceded it.

4. "Stop!" said the king, impatiently. "Is it an auctioneer's catalogue of goods to be sold that you are hurrying over? Send your companion to me." Another page who stood at the door now entered, and to him the king gave the petition. This second page began by hemming and clearing his throat in such an affected manner that the king jocosely asked him if he had not slept in the public garden, with the gate open, the night before.

5. The second page had a good share of self-conceit, however, and so was not greatly disconcerted by the king's jest. He determined that he would avoid the rock on which his companion had been wrecked. So he commenced reading the petition with great formality and deliberation, emphasizing every word, and prolonging the articulation of every syllable. But his manner was so tedious that the king cried out: "Stop! are you reciting a lesson in the elementary sounds? Out of the room!

But no; stay! Send me that little girl who is sitting there by the fountain."

6. The girl thus pointed out by the king was a daughter of one of the laborers employed by the royal gardener, and she had come to help her father weed the flower beds. It chanced that, like many of the poor people in Prussia, even in that day, she had received a good education. She was somewhat alarmed when she found herself in the king's presence, but was reassured when the king told her that he only wanted her to read for him, as his eyes were weak.

7. Now, Ernestine (for this was the name of the little girl) was so fond of reading aloud that frequently many of the poor people in the neighborhood would assemble at her father's house to hear her; and those who could not read themselves would bring to her letters to decipher from distant friends or children. She had thus acquired the habit of reading various sorts of handwriting promptly and well.

8. The king gave her the petition, and she rapidly glanced through the opening lines to get some idea of what it was about. As she read, her eyes began to glisten, and her breast to heave. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "don't you know how to read?" "O! yes, sire," she replied, addressing him with the title usually applied to him; "I will now read it, if you please."

9. The two pages were about to leave the room. "Remain," said the king. The little girl began to read the petition. It was from a poor widow, whose only son had been drafted to serve in the army, although his health was delicate, and his pursuits had been of a character to unfit him for military life. His father had been killed in battle, and the son was ambitious to become a portrait-painter.

10. The writer told her story in a simple, concise manner that carried to the heart a conviction of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much feeling, and with an articulation so just, in tones so pure and distinct, that when she had finished, the king, into whose eyes the tears had started, exclaimed: "O! now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known (certainly, I never should have felt) its meaning, had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, recommending them to occupy the time in learning to read.

11. "As for you, my young lady," continued the king, "I know you will ask no better reward for your trouble than to be the instrument of carrying to this poor widow my order for her son's immediate discharge. Let me see if you can write as well as you can read. Take this pen and write as I dictate." He then dictated an order, which Ernestine wrote, and he signed. Calling one of his guards, he bade him accompany the girl, and see that the order was executed.

12. How much happiness was Ernestine the means of bestowing through her good elocution, united to the happy circumstance that brought it to the knowledge of the king! First, there were her poor neighbors, to whom she could give instruction and entertainment. Then, there was the poor widow who sent the petition, and who not only regained her son, but received through Ernestine an order for him to paint the king's likeness; so that the poor boy soon arose to great distinction, and had more orders than he could attend to. Words could not express his gratitude, and that of his mother, to the little girl.

13. And Ernestine had, moreover, the satisfaction of aiding her father to rise in the world, so that he became

the king's chief gardener. The king did not forget her, but had her well educated at his own expense. As for the two pages, she was indirectly the means of benefiting them, also; for, ashamed of their bad reading, they commenced studying in earnest, till they overcame the faults that had offended the king. Both finally rose to distinction, one as a lawyer, the other as a statesman; and they owed their advancement in life chiefly to their good elocution.

— *Selected.*

XXIX. HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

1. Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England — now!

2. And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows —
Hark! where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups — the little children's dower —
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

XXX. FOREST TREES

1. I have paused more than once in the wilderness of America to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation. There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of sympathy with the wood nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations.

2. I recollect also hearing a traveler of poetical temperament expressing the kind of horror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grapevine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable boa.

3. I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics which, in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate

with as much pride and technical precision as if he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

4. There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade or enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

5. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island are most of them full of story. They are haunted

by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

6. It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility.

7. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honorable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

8. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries as noble-spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages. I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers

and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

9. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defense for the defenseless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this* is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise* abuses his eminent advantages — abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? "WHY CUMBERETH HE THE GROUND?"

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

XXXI. THE BELL OF LIBERTY

1. The representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity.

2. At length Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fett that galled his noble spirit, arose on the 7th of June, a in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the lowing resolution: "*Resolved*, That these United Colo are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and political connection between us and the States of G Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

3. John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning fut seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassio fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power that C gress was carried away before it, as by a resistless w The die was cast, and every man was now compelled meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for t purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

4. When the day arrived, the Declaration was taken and debated, article by article. The discussion contin for three days, and was characterized by great excitem At length the various sections having been gone thro with, the next day, July 4, was appointed for action.

5. It was soon known throughout the city; and in morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were fi with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in ea discussion, and others moving toward the State Ho All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis wh the country had now reached.

6. No sooner had the members taken their seats t the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entra The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to procl the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to g the signal.

from England, had been
ore the prophetic motto:—

GHOUT ALL THE LAND
TANTS THEREOF."

en sounded over the city,
its iron lip had never yet

final vote would be taken
our wore on, and no report
where the fate of a conti-
titude grew impatient; the
, straining his eyes down-
and hope yielded to fear.
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The boy sentinel turned
ds, and shouted, "Ring!

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rtled every heart in Phila-
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clearer, and more joyous,
vibrations, and proclaim-
r all the land, the motto

he tidings as they floated
ry direction to bear them
ew York, the bells rang
xcited multitude, surging
hered around the Bowling

7. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast more than twenty years before the prophetic motto:—

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

8. It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from that mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear.

9. But at length, at about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!"

10. The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast. "Clang! clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on, higher and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it.

11. Glad messengers caught the tidings as they floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction to bear them onward. When they reached New York, the bells rang out the glorious news, and the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling

Green, and seizing the leaden statue of George III, which stood there, tore it into fragments. These were afterward run into bullets, and hurled against his Majesty's troops.

12. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to old Faneuil Hall to hear it read; and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height and every battery the thunder of cannon reëchoed the joy.

—J. T. HEADLEY.

XXXII. THE FATHERLAND

1. Where is the true man's fatherland?
   Is it where he by chance is born?
   Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
   In such pent borders to be spanned?
   O yes! his fatherland must be
   As the blue heaven wide and free!

2. Is it alone where freedom is,
   Where God is God, and man is man?
   Doth he not claim a broader span
   For the soul's love of home than this?
   O yes! his fatherland must be
   As the blue heaven wide and free!

3. Where'er a human heart doth wear
   Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
   Where'er a human spirit strives
   After a life more true and fair,
   There is the true man's birthplace grand!
   His is a world-wide fatherland!

4. Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another —
Thank God for such a birthright, brother!
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XXXIII. RETURN OF COLUMBUS

1. In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him, so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

3. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Palos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

4. Great was the agitation in the little community at Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

5. When they beheld their faces once more and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

6. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was

accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

7. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

8. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them.

9. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt.

He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

10. After a brief interval the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him, as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal, in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

11. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn

strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

—WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

XXXIV. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

1. By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

2. These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

5. So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

— FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

XXXV. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS IN LITTLE THINGS

1. The word *conscientiousness* means a great deal; for a conscientious person is one who does right in all the relations of life; that is, acts in such a manner as to obtain the approbation of his own conscience. It includes truth, honesty, fair dealing, respect for the rights and the reputation of those among whom we live. It would take many lessons to enforce all the duties which a truly conscientious person is bound to discharge; our only purpose at present is to speak of conscientiousness in certain little things.

2. There are some persons who are conscientious in great matters, but not in small. They would shrink from doing anything very wrong, but will often be guilty of slight dishonesties and of trifling offenses against the rules of good conduct. Some persons, for instance, have a different feeling towards the property of individuals and the property of the public, or a public body. They will carefully respect the former, but not the latter. In walking through the garden of a friend or neighbor, they will carefully abstain from picking a flower or breaking off a twig; but if they visit a public garden or cemetery, they will not hesitate to do so. Much mischief is done in this way. But this is obviously wrong; for what belongs to a public body is no more our own than what belongs to an individual. Such conduct, too, is a most ungrateful return for the pleasure derived from walking through a public park or garden.

3. Some boys, and some men, have a mischievous habit of hacking benches, tables, desks, and chairs with their knives, and of carving their names upon walls and smooth-barked trees. But this is neither more nor less than injur-

ing or destroying the property of others; and the same law which forbids us to steal, forbids us to do any wanton mischief. What should we say of a boy who should take out his knife, and amuse himself by cutting off the buttons from his companion's jacket? And yet what is the real difference, so far as right and wrong are concerned, between conduct like this and hacking off the corners of a nicely made and painted wooden seat in a common, or park, or public place?

4. The same want of true moral feeling shows itself in the way in which some persons treat books borrowed from public or circulating libraries. They will write upon the margin, or the blank pages at the beginning and end; they will fold or crumple the leaves, or permit them to be soiled or greased. But we should treat a book borrowed in this way as well as one of our own. To do otherwise is to be dishonest in a small way, because property is thus injured, and its value diminished. The book wears out the sooner by ill treatment; and the number of those who would derive pleasure or profit from reading it is made less.

5. In regard to borrowed books there are two rules to be observed: first, they are to be treated with the greatest care; and, second, they are to be returned the moment they are read. Many men and women, and many boys and girls, are very careless in this latter point; but such conduct is wrong. Men who collect books always value them; and it is a kindness in them to lend them to their friends; and it is an ungrateful return to that kindness not to restore them promptly. It must be remembered that the loss of a single book will often spoil a set of many volumes; and when books are not carefully returned to their owner in good season, they are in much danger of being forgotten and lost.

6. Want of punctuality in keeping engagements is another form in which a want of conscientiousness shows itself. A man's time is his property, and we have no more right to deprive him of it than we have to pick his pocket, or steal anything out of his house. But whoever keeps one waiting beyond the time appointed for meeting him is guilty of this form of dishonesty; and if more than one are thus detained, the loss is so much the greater. Whoever agrees to meet a man at nine should keep his word to the very minute; for five minutes after nine and nine are not the same thing. An unpunctual person is a perpetual torment to all those who have any dealings with him; and hardly anybody has ever succeeded in life who has had this defect.

7. May our young readers resolve to keep careful watch over their conduct in little as well as great matters, and cultivate a delicate as well as a strong moral sense! True conscientiousness may be compared to the trunk of an elephant, which can uproot a tree or pick up a needle; so a thoroughly good man shows his goodness in these small points as well as in the most important duties of life.

— *Selected.*

WISDOM

1. Where shall wisdom be found?
   And where is the place of understanding?
   Man knoweth not the price thereof;
   Nor can it be found in the land of the living.

2. The deep saith, It is not with me;
   And the sea saith, It is not with me.
   It cannot be gotten for gold,
   Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof,

It cannot be purchased with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold,
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls,
For wisdom is more precious than rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it;
Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

3. Whence, then, *cometh* wisdom?
And where *is* the place of understanding?

— *Bible.*

XXXVI. THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

1. From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

2. Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds — tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

3. It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly;

mothers danced their babies to its ringing; — still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

4. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun, shining through the unsashed window and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead — the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

5. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

6. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong box or a prison door. Storehouses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter — these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty and restraint, they would have quadruple locked forever.

7. Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly toward everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it. — CHARLES DICKENS in *Barnaby Rudge*.

XXXVII. THE TWO ARMIES

1. As life's unending column pours,
   Two marshaled hosts are seen —
   Two armies on the trampled shores
   That Death flows black between.

2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
   The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
   And bears upon the crimson scroll —
   "OUR GLORY IS TO SLAY."

3. One moves in silence by the stream,
   With sad, yet watchful eyes,
   Calm as the patient planet's gleam
   That walks the clouded skies.

4. Along its front no sabers shine,
   No blood-red pennons wave;
   Its banner bears the single line —
   "OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."

5. For *those*, no death-bed's lingering shade; —
   At Honor's trumpet call,
   With knitted brows and lifted blade,
   In Glory's arms they fall.

6. For *these*, no flashing falchions bright,
   No stirring battle-cry; —
   The bloodless stabber calls by night —
   Each answers — "HERE AM I!"

7. For those, the sculptor's laureled bust,
   The builder's marble piles,
   The anthems pealing o'er their dust
   Through long cathedral aisles.

8. For these, the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

9. Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew;
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew —

11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXXVIII. THE ANGELUS

1. The bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal; and upon it every occupation, be it of study or exercise, is stopped. The student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture or crucifix, and then joins his absent brethren in prayer.

2. The teacher pauses in his lecture, and, kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses.

3. The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned dispute drop their mirth or their cunning instruments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer.

4. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted, to give a few moments to more serious thoughts.

5. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in like a thief in the night upon our unconscious being, at the hour when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully impersonates death.

6. We like the day to die, even as a good man should, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hues as its close approaches; with golden visions and loved shapes, with whispered prayer and a cheering passing bell, and the comfort that, when gloom has overspread all, a new, though unseen, day has risen to the spirit.

7. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that Mystery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual Sun, the Day-spring from on high that rose on benighted man, and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

8. Who does not see and feel the clear likeness? Who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the full measure of this grace, against the sharp and well-aimed temptations of the day?

9. At these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, speaking in angel's words and angel's tones to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart; gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve.

— NICHOLAS WISEMAN.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

— CICERO.

THE ANGELUS

Copied from Millet's famous painting.

XXXIX. THE CLOSING SCENE

1. Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

3. All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumbrous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint:
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew —
Crew twice, and all was stiller than before —
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

7. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung —

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year —

9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east —
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

XL. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

1. At two in the morning of April 19, 1775, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minutemen; and not with them only, but with the old men, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of the militia and alarm men about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore

set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the southeast corner of the common. Samuel Adams and Hancock, whose seizure was believed to be intended, were persuaded to retire toward Woburn.

2. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

3. How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and the protector of their privileges! How often on that green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to shed their blood for their rights, scrupulous not to begin civil war. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish the victims.

4. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and, at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minutemen, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! lay

down your arms! why don't you lay down arms and disperse?"

5. The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was followed first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of musketry.

6. In the disparity of numbers Parker ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the Tenth Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

7. Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when he was stabbed by a bayonet, and lay on the post which he took at the morning drum-beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, who, in 1758, had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued, and killed, after they left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the

British on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common. Seven men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded, — a quarter part of all who stood in arms upon the green.

8. Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before its time; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green lay in death the gray-haired and the young, the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain."

9. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble birth, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began.

— GEORGE BANCROFT.

XLI. UNION AND LIBERTY

1. Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

2. Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

3. Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

4. Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XLII. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS

(Before the battle of Long Island, 1776)

The battle of Long Island took place August 27, 1776. It was lost, and the American army was obliged to retreat. The defeat was largely due to the carelessness of General Putnam, who did not place a guard at all the passes as Washington had ordered him to do.

Instead of sending word to Washington when he learned that the British were coming, he sent a few troops to meet their large army, and they were driven back or made prisoners.

If General Howe of the British army had been on the alert, he might have captured General Washington and his whole force; but Washington watched his opportunity, and retreated in good order.

1. The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of

wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them.

2. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

3. Our own, our country's, honor calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world.

4. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in Whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.

5. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if, happily, we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

6. Let us animate and encourage each other and show the whole world that a free man contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

7. Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us alone, and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

8. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive — wait for orders and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

XLIII. OUR NATIONAL BANNER

1. All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

3. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the American heart.

4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way.

—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

XLIV. SIR GALAHAD

1. My good blade carves the casques of men,
   My tough lance thrusteth sure,
   My strength is as the strength of ten,
   Because my heart is pure.

SIR GALAHAD

The artist has here depicted the hero at the supreme moment when his eyes first gazed upon the Holy Grail.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

2. How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

3. When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

4. Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark,
I leap on board: no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

5. When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

6. A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;

And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched and turned to finest air.

7. The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful Knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

XLV. INTEGRITY OF WASHINGTON

1. When Washington was President of the United States a gentleman applied to him for a lucrative office of great responsibility.

2. The applicant had been the companion of the general throughout the whole course of the Revolutionary War, during which he had received, on various occasions, indubitable marks of kindness and partiality. His friends thought he had become, in some degree, necessary to the happiness of Washington, and had, therefore, only to apply for an office to receive it.

3. It was a boon which, while it would secure compe-

tency and ease to a friend, would bring that friend into frequent intercourse with his patron and former friend in arms.

4. For the same office there was, however, a competitor; but he was decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington; and, as he had made himself conspicuous among the opposers of the administration, no serious apprehensions were felt on this account. To such a man — a well-known political enemy.— Washington could surely feel under no obligations, and was not likely to prefer him to a personal friend and favorite.

5. No one acquainted with the pretensions of the applicants was at any loss to judge what the President's decision would be; the current opinion was in favor of the friend and against his competitor. Judge, then, of the general surprise when it was announced that the political opponent of Washington was appointed to the office, and that the former associate of the general in the toils and privations of a camp was left destitute and neglected.

6. When this decision was known, a common friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the President on the injustice of the appointment. This illustrious man replied: "My friend I receive with a cordial welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in this case. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

7. The true explanation of Washington's sterling integrity is probably to be found in that happy and efficient influence which his mother exercised upon him in his earlier years. On the death of his father, when he was about ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon

his mother. All accounts concur in stating that she was an extraordinary woman; possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. These qualities she was particularly desirous to ingraft upon the heart of her beloved son.

8. A story is related which may serve to show the adroit manner in which she proceeded. In the ample pasture belonging to her plantation was a colt, which, on account of its beauty and high promise, she valued very much. Although of sufficient age to be used, it had never been mounted, no one seeming disposed to attempt to break its wild and vicious spirit. One day George proposed to some of his companions to assist him to secure the colt until he could mount, and he would curb its pride.

9. Accordingly, early one morning the youthful band assembled, and having driven the animal into an inclosure, succeeded, with great difficulty, in bridling him. In a moment George sprang upon his back, and the next moment the surprised, wild, and maddened creature sprang forth into the open field, rearing, plunging, and running; but George, clinging fast by the bridle and the mane, held his seat firmly, as much determined to conquer as the colt was determined not to be conquered.

10. The struggle was desperate; and as the companions of George looked on, terror and amazement increased every moment. At length the colt obtained the advantage; and bounding forward with the speed of an arrow, made a false step, and in his fall broke a blood vessel, and died on the spot.

11. George came down unhurt; but when he beheld the gasping of the noble animal, and thought of his mother's regard for it, his heart was troubled. His companions

hurried to the spot, and joining in his regret, anxiously inquired: "What will your mother say? Who can tell her?"

12. At this moment they were summoned to breakfast. When seated at the table, Mrs. Washington said, "Well, young gentlemen, have you seen my sorrel colt in your rambles this morning?"

13. The question was natural; but what a question it was! No answer was returned, and it was repeated. Upon this, George, with perfect frankness, replied, "Mother, the sorrel colt is dead!"

14. This was followed by an exact account of the whole affair. As the agitated narrator passed along in his story, a flush of displeasure was seen rising upon the mother's cheek; but it soon passed away, and she kindly and calmly said, "While I regret the loss of my favorite, *I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.*"

15. It was by such means that this part of the character of Washington was formed. Under such a mother the foundation of a character was laid which was the admiration of his own generation, which has lost nothing of its glory to the present time, and which will lose nothing so long as his memory shall last.

—*Selected.*

XLVI. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN

1. I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States — to the Constitution and free institutions of the United States — to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think

I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that at this moment there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill, and cannot be hid. We cannot withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind, and not a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

XLVII. TELEGRAPHS

1. From the earliest times men have known how to communicate with those living at a distance, especially in times of urgency, by means of the fire signal. When, however, from hill to hill over a whole landscape the beacon flames arose, these signals could communicate no very definite information. It could only be learned that some great event had occurred. Vastly more useful, therefore, were the telegraphs, which, by varying the positions of their arms, represented letters, syllables, and whole words, and so rendered a regular conversation possible between individuals separated by a hostile army, or other insurmountable obstructions. The language which these tele-

graphs exchanged with one another, from one tower or steeple to another, before the eyes of the enemy, or thousands of the curious, depended upon an agreement between those who had to converse by these means; to them alone was it intelligible. Others, who lacked the key, could only guess at the meaning of the quickly changing positions of the machine.

2. Of a quite different character are the telegraphs. By their means the apparently impossible has been made easy. Two persons, living hundreds of miles apart, may now communicate their thoughts in words, not, as in the case of the ordinary telegraph, in the space of an hour or a half hour, but instantly, as if they were seated at the same table. And could a connection by copper wire be established between Washington and Pekin, and the loss of power which the electric fluid would sustain in such a space be avoided, then might a person in the capital of China receive intelligence from the United States in a fraction of a second; and even *the man in the moon*, if our electric fluid could be carried thither, would hear from the earth in the space of a second, for the transmission of thought by this method is swifter than light. The electric fluid travels in this way about two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in a second; a ray of light, only one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles.

3. But, in addition to this all-surpassing speed, such a mode of communication has quite other advantages over the ordinary telegraph. That which is to be communicated to a distant point is not seen by thousands of eyes, but only at the destined place does it make itself known. The course which the word thus expressed takes, in the invisible form of an electric discharge, is hidden under the earth or inclosed in the metal of the wire passing high over the

roofs of cities. When it reaches its goal, it announces itself.

4. In such phenomena as the motion of the electric fluid and of light, which the mind of man has taken into his service and learned to use at will, we have a type of the difference between the action of the mind and the body. Electricity and light, although possessing power to penetrate space to an extent almost immeasurable, are indeed both material agents, and yet distance and time are almost annihilated by them; the connection they establish, although by the material means of a metallic conductor, is miraculously direct and intimate. But what must that uniting attraction of souls be, which requires no corporeal medium, but darts instantaneously through an all-uniting spiritual element from one disembodied spirit to another! Even now the director of an electric telegraph, although confined by the burden of a body to a certain spot, is able at pleasure to converse with a distant friend, and be present with him in thought and will. What will not be possible when this confinement to the conditions of our planet shall fall away!

— SCHUBERT.

XLVIII. THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

1. Hark! the warning needles click,
Hither — thither — clear and quick.
He who guides their speaking play
Stands a thousand miles away!
Here we feel the electric thrill
Guided by his simple will;
Here the instant message read,
Brought with more than lightning speed.

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

2. Let the sky be dark or clear,
Comes the faithful messenger;
Now it tells of loss and grief,
Now of joy in sentence brief,
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips,
Now of war and fields of blood,
Now of fire, and now of flood.
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

3. Think the thought, and speak the word,
It is caught as soon as heard,
Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
To the far antipodes;
Boston speaks at twelve o'clock,
Natchez reads ere noon the shock.
Seems it not a feat sublime?
Intellect has conquered Time!
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

4. Marvel — triumph of our day,
Flash all ignorance away!
Flash sincerity of speech,
Noblest aims to all who teach;
Flash till Power shall learn the Right,
Flash till Reason conquer Might;
Flash resolve to every mind;
Manhood flash to all mankind!
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

— *Selected.*

XLIX. THE TWO PALACES: AN ALLEGORY

1. At a period in the world's history so distant that it may be called fabulous, on a beautiful day in summer, a certain blind traveler was groping his way through a thick forest. Suddenly he was accosted by a stranger, who said, in a bland but commanding voice, "Give me your hand, and I will lead you out of this wood to the Palace of Probation, whither every one must go who is found here." Thus saying, the stranger seized the blind man's hand, and conducted him some distance to an immense palace, the portal of which opened at their approach, and closed as they entered.

2. No sooner had the blind man crossed the threshold than a flash of light smote his eyes, and the sense of vision was imparted as if by miracle. At first he drew back, fearing that objects would fall on him; but he soon accustomed himself to measure distances by sight, and then it was with admiration and pleasure that he gazed about him. He stood in an immense rotunda or circular hall, the ceiling of which, of incalculable height, was of solid crystal, and lighted by a luminous clock, which indicated the time with a precision that no chronometer could equal. He looked around for his conductor, but the latter had disappeared.

3. Although no host appeared to give the newcomer welcome, it was evident that every preparation for his arrival had been made. Servants were in attendance to minister to every want. He was thirsty, and, as if by enchantment, a fountain leaped up close at hand. He was hungry, and fruit seemed to stoop from the boughs of trees in the hanging gardens which variegated the splendid and immeasurable interior. He was sleepy, and a sable curtain

was let down before his eyes, shutting out the garish light and inviting to repose.

4. He slept long and serenely, and when he awoke, lo! the curtain had been lifted,and the great dome of the palace was lighted up with a crimson radiance which gradually became more golden and intense. A man of venerable aspect was seated by his side, who said, "I am the stranger who guided you through the forest; and my name is Experience." — "And who," asked the traveler, "is the owner of this grand palace? I would like to pay my respects to him."

5. "There are men, whom I have guided here as I have you," replied Experience, "who say that the palace is the mere work of chance, and that it has no other owner than the guests who enter it." — "But who built and furnished it?" returned the traveler. "Who provided all those servants, so mute and yet so attentive? The order, the grandeur, the punctuality of the arrangements for the reception and comfort of guests, show that some great and good sovereign must be the proprietor."

6. "There are some who do not agree with you," said the old man. "Listen to me, my son! This day you shall go forth among the guests, and take your lot with them. I leave you to your own resources, henceforth. You will learn that, as a certain amount of physical labor is essential to health, the sovereign owner has made it a general condition of the entertainment of all, that food and raiment shall be supplied only at the price of labor. The distribution of this labor among the guests he has left to their justice." — "And do they not distribute it aright?" inquired the new guest.

7. "Alas, no!" was the reply. "It has been estimated that if all would give three hours out of the twenty-four

to manual labor, an abundance for all would be secured, and ample time left for study and wholesome diversion. But you will find the guests quarreling, many of them among themselves, and trying to overreach one another. Almost every one tries to shift his task upon his neighbor, or to accumulate more than his share of the bounties which the good sovereign has supplied."

8. "Why do people stay here?" asked the inexperienced guest. — "Because," replied the old man, "the least-favored inmate cannot but see that the capabilities of happiness are placed within his reach. None pass the threshold of the outermost door but with regrets and tears. Some charge their past chagrins upon envious or malevolent opponents; others upon false friends; others upon their own misconduct. Few can fail to acknowledge that the means of enjoyment which the asylum offers, were they but used aright, would be all-sufficient for all." The stranger ceased, and took his leave; and the traveler went forth among the guests.

9. Many years after this conversation, as the same traveler sat meditating on the past, and gloomingly anticipating the future, the messenger whose duty it was to conduct guests from the palace beckoned to him to leave. It was with a thrill of pain that the traveler received the signal, notwithstanding he was at that moment arraigning in his mind the justice and wisdom of the unseen master. The disorders and inequalities, the crimes and discontents, prevalent among the guests, were a subject of sorrowful reflection. And yet the traveler shuddered at the thought of his departure.

10. "Why is it," he said to himself, "that the sovereign master of this palace, if there be a master, does not interfere to prevent those scandalous scenes of spoliation and

violence among his guests, which the good behold with so much regret and dismay? It was only this morning that I saw a most worthy family shamefully plundered, while the villains who committed the robbery were left to enjoy their ill-got spoils, without molestation. Such abuses are as repugnant to every notion of justice as they are inconsistent with the strict management of a well-ordered household."

11. While he was revolving these sad thoughts the messenger who had beckoned him to depart drew nigh; but ere he could take the hand of the traveler, Experience, his old friend, interposed, and said to the latter: "Dost thou suppose that thou hast witnessed the end of these things? The sovereign has seen all, heard all. The palace is so constructed that not a whisper which is uttered there fails to reach his ears. Not a deed is committed which he cannot see. Not a thought is conceived, the motion of which in the brain does not make undulations in the atmosphere that reach him and vibrate its meaning.

12. "Know that, by a power inconceivable to all save him by whom it is exerted, he obliges all travelers who cross this forest to sojourn for a period, longer or shorter, in this Palace of Probation, in order that their qualities of mind and heart may be developed and tested amid scenes the best fitted for their exercise and confirmation. Indulgent but just, he will await all who have sojourned here, in a more magnificent palace — the Palace of Compensation — contiguous to this you are about to quit, but compared with which the present is little better than a hovel.

13. "Thither, by an irresistible power, of which this messenger who awaits you is an agent, the steps of all will be directed. It is there that each guest will find his deserts according to his conduct and character. It is there

that all will recognize the sacred requisitions of justice." Light seemed to pour upon the soul of the pilgrim, now that he was departing, even as it had upon his eyes at the moment of his entrance: All was explained, all was clear! He was no longer bewildered by afflicting doubts as to the character of the sovereign whose hospitality he had enjoyed. At once consoled for the past and reassured for the future, he said with a joyful alacrity to the messenger, "Lead on!"

14. Already through the opening portal, rising above the haze of the distance, the traveler sees the stupendous outlines of the second palace. The style of the architecture of that portion of the building presented to his view is somewhat austere, but as he advances, it assumes a softer and sublimer grace. He is eager to enter its magnificent precincts. He has no fear for the future. He has been seen by the master, whose hospitality he has not abused. He carries with him a conscience void of offense. That is enough. —*From the French.*

L. THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN: A FABLE

1. "I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the driveling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

2. "There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.

The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art *thou*,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay, for a moment, abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

5. But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak:
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said:

" A *modest Acorn !* never to tell
What was inclosed in its simple shell !
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth !

6. " And O ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I !
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year ;
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

— *Selected.*

LI. TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT MAN

I

1. " Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson of Litchfield, one morning, " I am very feeble and ailing to-day ; you must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market place there."

2. This was spoken, about a hundred years ago, by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Litchfield, England. Being now in reduced circumstances,

he was forced to go every market day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

3. When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted, and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face, and answered him loudly and deliberately, "Sir, I will not go to Uttoxeter market."

4. "Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone!"

5. So the poor old man, perhaps with a tear in his eye, certainly with sorrow in his heart, set forth to Uttoxeter. The gray-haired, feeble, melancholy Michael Johnson! — How sad it was that he should be forced to go in his sickness and toil for the support of an ungrateful son who was too proud to do anything for his father or his mother or himself!

6. Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance until he was out of sight. But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him.

7. He had a vivid imagination, and it tormented him with the image of his father standing in the market place of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him.

8. "My poor father!" thought Sam to himself, "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me!"

9. Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between her husband and Sam.

10. "Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?"

11. "Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a large boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

12. "Oh, I have been a cruel son!" thought Sam within his own heart. "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

13. But God could not yet forgive him; for he was not yet truly penitent. Had he been so, he would have hastened away that very moment to Uttoxeter. There he would have confessed his fault, and besought Mr. Johnson to go home, and leave the rest of the day's work to him.

14. But such was Sam's pride and stubbornness that he could not bring himself to this humiliation; yet he ought to have done so for his own sake, for his father's sake, and for God's sake.

II

15. Fifty years passed away. It was again market day in the village of Uttoxeter. The streets were crowded with buyers and sellers, with cows, pigs, carts, and horses. In one place there was a puppet-show, with a ridiculous merry-andrew, who kept the people in a roar of laughter.

16. There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and its hands had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled

shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder.

17. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. "Make way, sir!" he would cry out in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress. "Sir, you intrude your person into the public thoroughfare!"

18. "What a queer old fellow that is!" muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or be angry. But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. There was in his look something of authority and wisdom, which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside and let him pass, and the old gentleman made his way across the market place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it the clock struck twelve.

19. On that very spot of ground where the stranger now stood some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The little children who had bought picture books of him now were grandfathers. "Yes, here is the very spot," muttered the old gentleman to himself.

20. There this unknown personage took his stand, and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrew, the place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert had been around him. He was wrapt in his own thoughts.

GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON

In a short essay tell what you know of the writings of these celebrated men.

21. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if under an insupportable weight of sorrow. The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head, but he seemed not to feel its fervor. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and raindrops pattered in the market place; but the stranger heeded not the shower.

22. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bareheaded in the market place? Even the schoolboys left the merry-andrew, and came to gaze with open eyes at this tall, strange-looking old man.

23. There was a cattle drover in the village who had recently made a journey to London. No sooner had this man thrust his way through the throng and taken a look at the unknown personage than he whispered to one of his acquaintances, "I say, neighbor Hutchins, would you like to know who this old gentleman is?"

24. "Aye, that I would," replied neighbor Hutchins; "for a queerer chap I never saw in my life. Somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He is more than a common man."

25. "You may well say so," answered the cattle dealer. "Why, that is the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who, they say, is the greatest and most learned man in England! I saw him in London streets, walking with one Mr. Boswell."

26. Yes, the poor boy — the friendless Sam — with whom we began our story had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson! He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and the greatest writer in England.

27. He had given shape and permanence to his native

language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his "Idler," his "Rambler," and his "Rasselas." Noble and wealthy men and beautiful ladies deemed it their highest privilege to be his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his acquaintance, and told him what an honor he considered it that such a man had been born in his dominions. He was now at the summit of literary renown.

28. But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had the son forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now in his old age he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noonday on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart he hoped to gain peace of conscience and forgiveness of God.

29. My dear children, if you have grieved — I will not say your parents — but if you have grieved the heart of any human being who has a claim on your love, then think of Samuel Johnson's penance. Will it not be better to redeem the error now than to endure the agony of remorse for fifty years? Would you not rather say to a brother, "I have erred — forgive me!" than perhaps go hereafter and shed bitter tears over his grave?

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

To-day's most trivial act may hold the seed
Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth.

— HENRY TIMROD.

LII. THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

I

1. "My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

2. The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray.
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might open be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;

Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

3. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

4. It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

5. As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

6. The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

II

7. There was never a leaf on a bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

8. Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in the earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

9. Sir Launfal's raiment, thin and spare,
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago:
He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

10. "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

11. And Sir Launfal said — "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree:
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

12. Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He brake the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

13. As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

14. His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snow on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not that we give, but that we share —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

15. Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;

There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LIII. THE HEART OF AFRICA

1. Nothing could more wildly misrepresent the reality than the idea of one's schooldays that the heart of Africa is a desert. Africa rises from its three environing oceans in three great tiers: first, a coast-line, low and deadly; farther in, a plateau the height of the Scottish Grampians; farther in still, a higher plateau, covering the country for thousands of miles with mountain and valley. Now fill in this sketch, and you have Africa before you. Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass, dot here and there a palm; scatter through it a few demoralized villages; and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. Clothe the mountainous plateaus next, both of them, with endless forest — not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest; with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun.

2. A close inspection also will discover curious creepers and climbers; and among the branches strange orchids hide their eccentric flowers. But the outward type of tree is the same as we have at home — trees resembling the ash, the beech, and the elm, only seldom so large, except

by the streams, and never so beautiful. Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are. The beasts, to be sure, are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them; and as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt-dykes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast, thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless — forest in mountain and forest in plain — this is East Central Africa.

3. The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gayly plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers — these are unknown to Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkey will cross your path; the flowers, on the whole, are few; the trees are poor; and to be honest, though the endless forest-clad mountains have a sublimity of their own, and though there are tropical bits along some of the mountain streams of exquisite beauty, nowhere is there anything in grace and sweetness and strength to compare with a highland glen.

4. Flowers there are, small and great, in endless variety; but there is no display of flowers, no gorgeous show of blossom in the mass, as when the blazing gorse and heather bloom at home. The dazzling glare of the sun in the torrid zone has perhaps something to do with this want of color effect in tropical nature; for there is always about ten minutes just after sunset, when the whole tone of the landscape changes like magic and a singular beauty steals

over the scene. This is the sweetest moment of the African day, and night hides only too swiftly the homelike softness and repose so strangely grateful to the over-stimulated eye.

5. Hidden away in these endless forests, like birds' nests in a wood, in terror of one another and of their common foe, the slaver, are small native villages; and here in his virgin simplicity dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion — the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has practically no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food. It is perfectly astonishing, when one thinks of it, what nature can do for the animal man, to see with what small capital after all a human being can get through the world.

6. I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions — and he was an average commoner — were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows, the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is till he has seen how small he has been once.

7. The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is

a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a nature round him it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed.

8. Nothing almost that you have would be of the slightest use to him. Among the presents which I took for chiefs, I was innocent enough to include a watch. I might as well have taken a grand piano. For months I never looked at my own watch in that land of sunshine. Besides, the mere idea of time has scarcely yet penetrated the African mind, and forms no element whatever in his calculations. I wanted on one occasion to catch the little steamer on the Shiré and pleaded this as an excuse to a rather powerful chief, whom it would have been dangerous to quarrel with, and who would not let me leave his village. The man merely stared. The idea of any one being in a hurry was not only preposterous, but inconceivable, and I might as well have urged as my reason for wishing to get away that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

9. No one knows exactly who these people are. They belong, of course, to the great Bantu race; but their origin is obscure, their tribal boundaries are unmapped, even their names are unknown, and their languages — for there are many — are unintelligible. A fine-looking people, quiet and domestic, their life-history from the cradle to the grave is of the utmost simplicity. Too ill armed to hunt, they live all but exclusively on a vegetable diet. A small part of the year they depend, like the monkeys, upon wild fruits and herbs; but the staple food is a small, tasteless millet seed, which they grow in gardens, crush in a mortar, and

stir with water into a thick porridge. Twice a day, nearly all the year round, each man stuffs himself with this coarse and tasteless dough, shoveling it into his mouth in handfuls, and consuming at a sitting a pile the size of an ant heap.

10. His one occupation is to grow this millet, and his gardening is a curiosity. Selecting a spot in the forest, he climbs a tree, and with a small home-made ax lops off the branches one by one. He then wades through the litter to the next tree, and hacks it to pieces also, leaving the trunk standing erect. Upon all the trees within a circle of thirty or forty yards' diameter his ax works similar havoc, till the ground stands breast-high in leaves and branches. Next, the whole is set on fire and burnt to ashes. Then, when the first rains moisten the hard ground and wash the fertile chemical constituents of the ash into the soil, he attacks it with his hoe, drops in a few handfuls of millet, and the year's work is over. But a few weeks off and on are required for these operations, and he may then go to sleep till the rains are over, assured of a crop which never fails, which is never poor, and which will last him till the rains return again.

11. Between the acts he does nothing but lounge and sleep. The women are the millers and bakers; they work hard to prepare his food, and are rewarded by having to take their own meals apart, for no African would ever demean himself by eating with a woman. I have tried to think of something else that these people habitually do, but their vacuous life leaves nothing more to tell.

— HENRY DRUMMOND.

Write a composition comparing the life of civilized man with that of these simple people.

LIV. AUTUMNAL VESPERS

1. The clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,
Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough
Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now;
Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,
And huskers whistling round the tented corn;
The snug, warm cricket lets his clock run down,
Scared by the chill, sad hour that makes forlorn
The Autumn's gold and brown.

2. The light is dying out on field and wold;
The life is dying in the leaves and grass.
The World's last breath no longer dims the glass
Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold.
His genial pulse, which Summer made so bold,
Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread thy decent pall!
The silent, stiffening Frost makes havoc: fold
The darkness over all!

3. The light is dying out o'er all the land,
And in my heart the light is dying.
She, my life's best life, is fading silently
From earth, from me, and from the dreams we planned,
Since first Love led us with his beaming hand
From hope to hope, yet kept his crown in store.
The light is dying out o'er all the land:
To me it comes no more.

4. The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,
Stricken with deadly blight: more wan and weak
Her love replies in blanching lip and cheek,
And gentler in her dear eyes, day by day.

God, in Thy mercy, bid the arm delay,
Which through her being smites to dust my own!
Thou gav'st the seed thy sun and showers; why slay
The blossoms yet unblown?

5. In vain — in vain! God will not bid the Spring
Replace with sudden green the Autumn's gold;
And as the night mists, gathering damp and cold,
Strike up the vales where water-courses sing,
Death's mists shall strike along her veins, and cling
Thenceforth forever round her glorious frame;
For all her radiant presence, May shall bring
A memory and a name.

6. What know the woods, that soon shall be so stark?
What know the barren fields, the songless air,
Locked in benumbing cold, of blooms more fair
In mornings ushered by the April lark?
Weak solace this, which grief will never hark;
Blind as a bud in stiff December's mail,
To lift her look beyond the frozen dark
No memory can avail.

7. I never knew the autumnal eves could wear,
With all their pomp, so drear a hue of Death;
I never knew their still and solemn breath
Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear,
Feeding the blank submission of despair.
Yet, peace, sad soul! reproach and pity shine
Suffused through starry tears; bend thou in prayer,
Rebuked by Love divine.

8. Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim

With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine:
In my own hands my want and weakness are —
My strength, O God! in Thine.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

LV. THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT, AND THE MAN

THE KNIGHT

1. Sir Guy de Montfort was as brave a knight as ever laid lance in rest or swung his glittering battle-ax. He possessed many noble and generous qualities; but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked the age in which he lived — an age when "Love your friends, and *hate* your enemies" had taken the place of "But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you."

2. Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him, fair lips smiled when he appeared, and minstrels sang of his prowess in ladies' bower and festive hall.

3. At a great tournament given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but for two days no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by

A Knight of the Middle Ages in Full Armor

the herald. On the third day a young and strange knight rode, with visor down, into the lists, and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort — and so it proved.

4. They met, and Sir Guy's lance at the first tilt penetrated the corselet of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground, his casque flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

5. Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had been the challenger.

6. By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and gallant knights and ladies gay went back to their homes in soberer mood than when they came forth. Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight — for self was forgotten.

7. The question — a strange question for him — "What good?" arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand — but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But was this leaf worth its cost — the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more — the life-drops from that broken heart?

8. For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by

remembrance of what the triumph had cost him. Then came a shudder as he thought of the long succession of his victims — of the lonely widow who drooped in her desolate castle — of the wild pang that snapped the heart-string of the young bride when she saw the battle-ax go crashing into her husband's brain — of the beautiful betrothed, once so happy in her love, but now a shrieking maniac — and last, of her whose freshly bleeding form ended the mournful procession, of Agnes St. Bertrand!

9. As these sad images came up before the knight his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony. Remorse had entered his soul. "And what for all this?" he murmured. "What for all this? Am I braver or better or happier for all this bloody work? Surely all is vanity." Through the long night he paced the hall of his castle, but with daydawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.

The Hermit

10. Far from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermitage in the wilderness.

11. Now and then a traveler who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in search of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they

left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

12. But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he was happy, it was a happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he was wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world than of the holy benevolence of the next.

13. The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

14. One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him and said: "It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth, thy fellow? Not by prayer, not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out.

15. "'Well done, good and faithful servant.' These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness!"

16. The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down

myriads of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air save the clear music of the singing rill as it went on happily with its work, even in the darkness.

17. "Where is my work?" murmured the hermit as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these — I, gifted with a will, an understanding, and active energies — am doing no work! 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' Those blessed words cannot be said to me."

18. Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread. "And is there," said he, "no work for me, the noblest of all created things?"

19. The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring but evil work. He had harmed his fellow-men — but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow — fed not the hungry — clothed not the naked.

20. "De Montfort, it is in vain! there must be charity as well as piety!" Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude. When night came, the hermit's cell, far away in the deep, untrodden forest, was tenantless.

The Man

21. A fearful plague raged in a great city. In the narrow streets where the poor were crowded together the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not struck down fled and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all

human sympathies. Whole families sickened and died, without attendance, without consolation, without burial.

22. In the midst of these dreadful scenes a man clad in plain garments — a stranger — approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about to encounter, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

23. In the first house that he entered he found a young maiden alone and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught, of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms, and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

24. Again he went into the deadly atmosphere and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the enfolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile said in their hearts, "Verily, he hath his reward."

25. For weeks the plague hovered with its black wings over that devoted city; and during the whole time this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, here supporting a dying head, there giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But when "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and

wasteth at noonday" had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

26. For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. At last he returned — not on mailed charger, with corselet, casque, and spear, a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood — not as a pious devotee, from his cloister; but as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead.

27. He came to take possession once more of his stately castle and his broad lands — not as a knight, but as a man — not to glory, as formerly, in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him in making wiser, better, and happier his fellow-men.

28. He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight-errant, seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest fields of life; but he was a man, doing valiantly, among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds — not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

29. There was the bold knight, the pious hermit, and the man; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

— T. S. ARTHUR.

LVI. ABSALOM

1. The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

2. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh, when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!

3. He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh! for Absalom —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —

The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness. . . .

4. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

5. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off

The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

6. "Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

7. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How I was wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

8. "But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung —
But thou, no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

9. "And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

10. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin! Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

11. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

LVII. TWO VIEWS OF NATURE

1. We shall present the reader with two views of Nature, the one marine and the other terrestrial; the first sketched in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, the second, in the forests of the New World, to prevent the possibility of ascribing the majesty of these scenes to the works of man.

2. The vessel in which we embarked for America having passed the bearing of any land, the space was soon occupied only by the twofold azure of the sea and of the sky. The color of the waters resembled that of liquid glass. A vast swell advanced from the west, though the wind blew from the east; enormous undulations extended from one horizon to the other, and opened in their valleys long vistas through the deserts of the deep.

3. The fleeting landscape changed with every minute:

sometimes a multitude of verdant hillocks represented graves separated by furrows in an immense cemetery; sometimes the curling summits of the surges resembled white flocks scattered over a heath. Now the space appeared small for want of an object of comparison; but if a billow reared its mountain crest, if a wave curved like a remote coast, or a squadron of sea-dogs passed by in the distance, the space suddenly opened before us.

4. We were most powerfully impressed with an idea of magnitude, when a light fog, creeping along the surface of the deep, seemed to increase immensity itself. Oh, how sublime, how awful, at such times, is the aspect of the ocean! Into what reveries it plunges you, either if imagination transports you to the seas of the north, into the midst of frosts and tempests, or wafts you to southern islands, blest with happiness and peace!

5. We often rose at midnight and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors in profound silence. No noise was heard save the dashing of the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire ran with a white foam along the sides of the vessel.

6. God of Christians! it is on the waters of the abyss and on the expanded sky that Thou hast particularly engraven the characters of Thy omnipotence! Millions of stars sparkling in the azure dome of heaven; the moon in the midst of the firmament; a sea unbounded by any shore; infinity in the skies and on the waves! Never didst Thou affect me more powerfully with Thy greatness than in those nights when, suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head and immensity beneath my feet!

7. I am nothing! I am only a simple, solitary wanderer! Oft have I heard men of science disputing on the subject

of a Supreme Being, and I have not understood them; but I have invariably remarked that it is in the prospect of the sublime scenes of nature that this unknown being manifests himself to the human heart.

8. One evening (it was a profound calm) we were in the delicious seas which bathe the shores of Virginia; every sail was furled; I was engaged below, when I heard the bell that summoned the crew to prayers. I hastened to mingle my supplications with those of the companions of my voyage. The officers, with the passengers, were on the deck; the chaplain, with a book in his hand, was stationed a little before them; the seamen were scattered at random over the poop; we were all standing, our faces toward the prow of the ship, which was turned to the west.

9. The globe of the sun, whose luster even then our eyes could scarcely endure, ready to plunge beneath the wave, was discovered through the rigging in the midst of boundless space. From the motion of the stern, it appeared as if the radiant orb every moment changed its horizon. A few clouds wandered confusedly in the east, where the moon was slowly rising; the rest of the sky was serene; and toward the north a water-spout, forming a glorious triangle with the luminaries of day and of night, glistening with all the colors of the prism, rose from the sea, like a column of crystal supporting the vault of heaven.

10. He who had not recognized in this prospect the beauty of the Deity had been greatly to be pitied. Religious tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes when my intrepid companions, taking off their tarred hats, began in a hoarse voice to chant their simple song to that God Who is the protector of mariners. How affecting were the prayers of these men who, from a frail plank, in the midst

of the ocean, contemplated a sun setting in the waves! How the invocation of the poor sailor to the Father of the distressed went to the heart!

11. The consciousness of our insignificance excited by the voice of infinity; our songs resounding to a distance over the silent waves; the night approaching with its dangers; our vessel, itself a wonder among so many wonders; a religious crew, penetrated with admiration and with awe; a minister of the Lord, august in supplication; the Almighty diffused over the abyss, with one hand staying the sun at the portals of the west, with the other raising the moon in the eastern hemisphere, and lending through immensity an attentive ear to the feeble voice of His creatures — this is a scene which defies the art of the painter and the eloquence of the writer, and which the whole heart of man is scarcely sufficient to embrace!

12. Let us now pass to the terrestrial scene.

13. I had wandered one evening in a vast forest, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara; I soon beheld the day gradually extinguished around me, and enjoyed, in all its solitude, the beauteous prospect of night amid the deserts of the New World.

14. An hour after sunset the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite horizon. A balmy breeze which the Queen of Night brought with her from the east seemed to precede her in the forests, like her perfumed breath. The lonely luminary slowly ascended in the heavens, now peacefully pursuing her azure course, and now reposing on groups of clouds which resembled the summits of lofty, snow-covered mountains. These clouds, folding or expanding their veils, rolled themselves out into transparent zones of white satin, dispersed into light flakes of foam, or formed in the heavens bright beds of down so lovely to the

eye that you would have imagined you felt their softness and their elasticity.

15. The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting: the soft and bluish beams of the moon darted through the intervals between the trees and threw streams of light into the obscurity of the most profound darkness. The river that glided at my feet was now lost in the wood, and now reappeared, glistening with the constellations of night, which were reflected on its bosom. In a vast plain beyond this stream the radiance of the moon reposed without motion on the verdure. Birch trees, scattered here and there in the savanna, and agitated by the breeze, formed islands of floating shadows on a motionless sea of light.

16. Near to me all was silence and repose, save the fall of some leaf, the transient rustling of a sudden breath of wind, or the rare and interrupted hootings of the owl; but at a distance was heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the falls of Niagara, which, amid the calm of night, was prolonged from desert to desert, and died away among the solitary forests.

17. The grandeur, the astonishing solemnity of this scene, human language is inadequate to express; nor can the most delightful nights in Europe afford any idea of them. In vain imagination seeks to extend itself in our cultivated fields; it everywhere meets with the habitations of men; but in these desert regions the mind loves to penetrate into an ocean of forests, to wander on the banks of prodigious lakes, to soar above the abysses of cataracts, and, as it were, to find itself alone before God.

— FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Describe some beautiful scene that has impressed you.

LVIII. PASSING THE ICEBERGS

1. A fearless shape of brave device,
   Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice —
   The navies of the northern main.

2. These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
   The proofs of nature's olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world,
   Long shattered from its skyey course.

3. These are the buccaneers that fright
   The middle sea with dream of wrecks,
And freeze the south winds in their flight,
   And chain the Gulf Stream to their decks.

4. At every dragon prow and helm
   There stands some viking as of yore;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
   Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

5. And oft beneath the sun or moon
   Their swift and eager falchions glow,
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
   Comes chafing through some beard of snow.

6. And when the far north flashes up
   With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
   Is brimming to the absent bold.

7. Up signal then, and let us hail
   Yon looming phantom as we pass!
Note all her fashion, hull, and sail,
   Within the compass of your glass.

8. See at her mast the steadfast glow
Of that one star of Odin's throne;
Up with our flag, and let us show
The constellation on our own.

9. And speak her well; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could flow,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
Or the remotest Eskimo;

10. Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people yet to be;

11. Of wonders which alone prevail,
Where day and darkness dimly meet;
Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet;

12. How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds — his sails are furled;
That Fame has named him on her scroll,
"Columbus of the Polar World."

13. Or how his plowing barks wedge on
Through splintering fields with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears;

14. Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits among his frozen crew
In council with the norland stars.

15. No answer — but the swollen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless north swings proudly past.

— T. BUCHANAN READ.

LIX. THE ST. AMBROSE-EXETER BOAT RACE

1. Hark! — the first gun. The report sent Tom's heart into his mouth again. Several of the boats pushed off at once into the stream; and the crowds of men on the bank began to be agitated, as it were, by the shadow of the coming excitement.

2. "Shall we push her off?" asked bow.

3. "No; I can give you another minute," said Miller, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word."

4. The captain turned on his seat and looked up the boat. His face was quiet, but full of confidence, which seemed to pass from him into the crew. Tom felt calmer and stronger, as he met his eye. "Now mind, boys, don't quicken," he said cheerily; "four short strokes to get a way on her, and then steady. Now, jackets off, and get her head out."

5. The jackets were thrown on shore, and gathered up by the boatmen in attendance. The crew poised their oars, No. 2 pushing out her head, and the captain doing the same for the stern. Miller took the starting rope in his hand. "Eight seconds more only," he said. "Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

6. There it comes, at last — the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the

river the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash, which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting ropes drop from the coxswain's hands, the oars flash into the water and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

7. The crowds on the bank scatter and rush along, each keeping as near as may be to its own boat. Some of the men on the towing path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water — some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward — some behind, where they can see the pulling better — but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honor of the college is laid. "Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You're gaining, every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" On they rushed by the side of the boats, jostling one another, struggling, and panting along.

8. For a quarter of a mile along the bank the glorious, maddening hurly-burly extends, and rolls up the sides of the stream. For the first ten strokes Tom Brown was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into the stroke.

9. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, consciousness returned. While every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of the wild thyme in the air, and found

room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river or smelt it before.

10. Though his eye never wandered from the back of his man, he seemed to see all things at once: the boat behind, which seemed to be gaining — it was all he could do to prevent himself from quickening on the stroke as he fancied that — the eager face of the coxswain, with his compressed lips and eyes fixed earnestly ahead; the flying banks and the shouting crowd; and amid the babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the laboring of his own breathing, he heard his chum's voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air: "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady!"

11. The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! He had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, "but never aught like this." But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting.

12. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind. There is a great gap between the accompanying crowds. And now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the banks grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

13. "We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him and into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again. There is no more drag. She springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and the coxswain's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again.

14. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" now and then he mutters to the captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the steadiness of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement, but he is far too good a judge to hurry the final effort before victory is safe in his grasp.

15. The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more!" "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up!" "Mind the Gut, Exeter!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!"

16. The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, amidst which, "Well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the prevailing cry.

17. Then the coxswain, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them!"

18. Old Jervis lays down that great broad back and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him, and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, "Unship oars, bow and three!" and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter, till it touches their stroke oar.

— THOMAS HUGHES.

LX. THE STORK AND THE RUBY

1. A certain prince — I have forgot his name —
Playing one morning at the archer's game,
Within a garden where his palace stood,
Shot at a stork, and spilled the creature's blood
For very wantonness and cruelty.

2. Thrice had he pierced the target in the eye
At fifty paces; twice deflowered a rose,
Striking each time the very leaf he chose;
Then he set up his dagger in a hedge,
And split an arrow on its glittering edge.

3. What next to hit he knew not. Looking round,
He saw a stork just lighted on the ground,
To rest itself after its leagues of flight;
The dewy walk in which it stood was bright,
So white its plumage, and so clear its eyes,
Twinkling with innocence and sweet surprise!

4. "I'll shoot the silly bird," the prince exclaimed;
And, bending his strong bow, he straightway aimed
His keenest arrow at its panting heart.
The lucky arrow missed a vital part,
(Or was it some kind wind that pushed it by?)
And only struck and broke the creature's thigh.
The poor thing tumbled in a lily bed,
And its blood ran and made the lilies red.

5. It marked the changing color of the flowers,
The winding garden-walks, the bloomy bowers,
And last the cruel prince, who laughed with glee —
Fixing the picture in its memory.

This done, it struggled up, and flew away,
Leaving the prince amazed and in dismay.

6. Beyond the city walls, a league or more,
A little maid was spinning at her door,
Singing old songs to cheer the long day's work.
Her name was Heraclis. The fainting stork
Dropped at her feet, and with its ebon bill
Showed her its limb, broken, and bleeding still.

7. She fetched it water from a neighboring spring,
And while it drank and washed each dabbled wing
She set the fractured bones with pious care,
And bound them with the fillet of her hair.
Eased of its pain, again it flew away,
Leaving the maiden happier all the day.

8. That night the prince, as usual, went to bed,
His royal wine a little in his head.
Beside him stood a casket full of gems,
The spoil of conquered monarchs' diadems.
Great pearls, milk-white and shining like the moon;
Emeralds, grass-green; sapphires, like skies of June;
Brilliants that threw their light upon the wall;
And one great ruby that outshone them all,
Large as a pigeon's egg, and red as wine
When held before the sun — a gem divine!

9. Through these he ran his fingers carelessly,
Like one who dips a handful of the sea,
To sun his eyes with dripping stars of brine;
At last he slumbered in the pale moonshine.

10. Meantime the watchful stork was in his bowers;
Again it saw its blood upon the flowers,
And saw the walks, the fountain's shaft in air,
But not the cruel prince — no prince was there.
So up and down the spacious courts it flew,
And ever nearer to the palace drew.

11. Passing the lighted windows, row by row,
It saw the prince, and saw the ruby's glow.
Hopping into the chamber, grave and still,
It seized the ruby with its ebon bill,
And, spreading then its rapid wings in flight,
Flew out, and vanished in the yawning night.

12. Night slowly passed, and morning broke again;
There came a light tap on the window pane
Of Heraclis. It woke her; she arose,
And, slipping on in haste her peasant clothes,
Opened the door to see who knocked, and lo!
In walked the stork again, as white as snow,
And in its bill the ruby, whose red ray
Flamed in her face, anticipating day!

13. The bird's look said, "I thank you!" plain as words;
The maiden's look was brighter than the bird's,
So glad was she to see it was not dead.
She stretched her hand to sleek its bowing head;
But ere she could it made a sudden stand,
And thrust the priceless ruby in her hand,
And, sailing swiftly through the cottage door,
Mounted the morning sky, and came no more.

— R. H. STODDARD.

LXI. WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND

1. There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning, and through the partially frosted window panes I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosted fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or at least before the sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snowdrifts.

2. The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared to sustain whatever burden may be laid upon it; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother Earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her winter's wear. The cloud spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime-like hoarfrost over the brown surface of the street; the withered green of the grass plat is still discernible; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray, instead of black.

3. All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave. Thus gradually, by silent

and stealthy influence, are great changes wrought. These little snow particles, which the storm spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We likewise shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.

4. Now, leaving the storm to do its appointed office, let us sit down, pen in hand, by our fireside. Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness, and favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day. The native of a southern clime may woo the muse beneath the heavy shade of the summer foliage, reclining on banks of turf, while the sound of singing birds and warbling rivulets chimes in with the music of his soul. In our brief summer I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream.

5. My hour of inspiration — if that hour ever comes — is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snowflakes or the sleety raindrops pelt hard against the window panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May, — perhaps to fade as soon. However transitory they glow, they at least shine amid the darksome shadow which the clouds of the outward sky fling through the room. Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by me, her true-born son, be New England's winter, which makes us, one and all, the nurslings of the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the Decem-

ber blast. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm spirit has done.

6. Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely thrown over the withered grass plat, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden. The leafless rosebushes stand shivering in a shallow snowdrift, looking — poor things! — as disconsolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish with the summer; they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower shrubs in mid-winter! The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners.

7. To discern the real intensity of the storm we must fix upon some distant object — as yonder spire — and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscure; then again we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snowdrifts at each other in mid-air.

8. Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions. It is a snow battle of schoolboys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snowball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be

chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow blocks! What feats of individual prowess and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm! And, when some well-contested and decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battlefield, and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask: "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle monument has provoked these questions when none could answer.

9. Turn we again to the fireside, and sit musing there, lending our ears to the wind, till perhaps it shall seem like an articulate voice, and dictate wild and airy matter for the pen. Would it might inspire me to sketch out the personification of a New England winter! And that idea, if I can seize the snow-wreathed figures that flit before my fancy, shall be the theme of the next page. How does winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation, as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered, and scatters the sere leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard the people wrap themselves in cloaks and shake their heads disconsolately, saying, "Winter is at hand!"

10. Then the ax of the woodcutter echoes sharply and diligently in the forest; then the coal merchants rejoice, because each shriek of Nature in her agony adds something to the price of coal per ton; then the peat smoke spreads its aromatic fragrance through the atmosphere. A few days more, and at eventide the children look out of the

window and dimly perceive the flaunting of a snowy mantle in the air. It is stern winter's vesture. They crowd around the hearth, and cling to their mother's gown, or press between their father's knees, affrighted by the hollow roaring voice that bellows adown the wide flue of the chimney. It is the voice of winter; and, when parents and children hear it, they shudder and exclaim: "Winter is come! Cold winter has begun his reign already!"

11. Now, throughout New England, each hearth becomes an altar, sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immitigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, countryside, and town. Wrapped in his white mantle, his staff a huge icicle, his beard and hair a wind-tossed snowdrift, he travels over the land, in the midst of the northern blast; and woe to the homeless wanderer whom he finds upon his path! There he lies stark and stiff, a human shape of ice, on the spot where winter overtook him. On strides the tyrant over the rushing rivers and broad lakes, which turn to rock beneath his footsteps.

12. His dreary empire is established; all around stretches the desolation of the pole. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children (for winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one), not ungrateful even for the severities which have nourished our unyielding strength of character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh-rides, cheered by the music of merry bells; for the crackling and rustling hearth, when the ruddy firelight gleams on hardy manhood and the blooming cheek of woman; for all the home enjoyments, and the kindred virtues, which flourish in a frozen soil.

13. Not that we grieve, when, after some months of storm and bitter frost, spring, in the guise of a flower-crowned virgin, is seen driving away the hoary despot, pelt-

ing him with violets by the handful, and strewing green grass on the path behind him. Often, ere he will give up his empire, old winter rushes fiercely back, and hurls a snowdrift at the shrinking form of spring; yet, step by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer months within the Arctic circle.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LXII. THE WORLD FOR SALE

1. The World for sale! — Hang out the sign;
   Call every traveler here to me:
   Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
   And set me from earth's bondage free? —
   'Tis going! — yes, I mean to fling
   The bauble from my soul away;
   I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring; —
   The World at Auction here to-day!

2. It is a glorious thing to see, —
   Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
   It is not what it seems to be:
   For sale! It shall be mine no more.
   Come, turn it o'er and view it well; —
   I would not have you purchase dear:
   'Tis *going!* GOING! — I must sell!
   Who bids? — Who'll buy the splendid Tear?

3. Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold;
   Who bids? — But let me tell you fair,
   A baser lot was never sold.
   Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?

And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain —
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

4. Here's LOVE, the dreamy, potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;
'Tis *going*, — Love and I must part!
Must part? — What can I more with Love! —
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove, —
An hour of bliss, an age of pain?

5. And FRIENDSHIP, rarest gem of earth —
Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth —
Who bids for Friendship — as it is!
'Tis *going!* GOING! — Hear the call:
Once, *twice*, and THRICE! — 'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all —
But now the broken staff must go!

6. FAME! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame? — How much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders! — Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned —
Now purchase, and a world command! —
And be with a world's curses crowned!

7. Sweet star of HOPE! with ray to shine
In every sad, foreboding breast,

Save this desponding one of mine, —
Who bids for man's last friend and best?

Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

8. And SONG! For sale my tuneless lute;
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yet now a sad farewell! — farewell!
Must on its last faint echoes die.

9. Ambition, fashion, show, and pride —
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,
And still its aching throb to bear;
How broken, that was once so strong!
How heavy, once so free from care!

10. No more for me life's fitful dream;
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left —
My FAITH, my BIBLE, and my GOD.

— RALPH HOYT.

LXIII. CONSTANTINE KANARIS

1. Early in the fifteenth century the several districts of Greece were overrun and conquered by the Turks. The people, for nearly four centuries, were held in subjection, as a part of the Turkish Empire, and governed by rulers placed over them by the Sultan.

2. These viceroys were, almost without exception, bad men, tyrannical and unjust in their government; and their chief end and aim seemed to be to rob and plunder the oppressed people.

3. At length, in 1820, the Greeks rose against their oppressors, and after a struggle which lasted nine years, succeeded in making themselves free. The contest was marked by many acts of cruelty on the part of the Turks, and many deeds of heroic courage on the part of the Greeks.

4. By far the most atrocious act of cruelty was perpetrated in 1822, in a beautiful island called Scio, which is seven miles distant from the coast of Asia Minor, at the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna. This island is about thirty miles in length. Its climate is mild, its soil fertile, and its scenery varied and lovely.

5. At the beginning of the Greek revolution the people of Scio took no part in it. They were wholly ignorant of war and the use of arms, and were all employed in farming and commerce. Many of the merchants were rich, and the inhabitants were distinguished for their intelligence and refined manners. A citadel in the principal town was occupied by a body of Turkish soldiers, whom the unarmed and peaceful islanders were powerless to resist.

6. In the spring of 1822 a small body of men, coming

from the island of Samos, landed in Scio, and urged the inhabitants to rise against the Turks. Only a few obeyed the summons, but nearly all manifested no wish to revolt, well aware that the result could only be failure and disaster. But the unfortunate movement had been enough to furnish the Turks with a pretext for plunder and devastation. Accordingly, a Turkish fleet appeared off the island and landed a numerous army.

7. Then ensued a scene of blood and horror to which modern history offers no parallel. The soldiers rushed in among the defenseless people of the town, and began to kill all they found. They spared neither the old man on the verge of the grave, nor the infant at its mother's breast.

8. For hours the streets resounded with the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying. A few were able to escape in boats and small vessels. Many fled into the country, but they were hunted down like wild beasts. Many thousands of women and children were sold into slavery.

9. Out of a population of about a hundred thousand there remained, in July, 1822, not more than a thousand. Everywhere there reigned the silence of death. Houses were burned or destroyed; farms and vineyards were laid waste; and this lovely island, a paradise of beauty and fertility, was changed, in a few weeks, into a dreary and desolate wilderness.

10. This atrocious and unprovoked deed of cruelty recoiled upon the heads of its guilty perpetrators. All Europe and America heard of it with horror, and sympathized with a people struggling to free themselves from the yoke of such barbarous rulers. Money, food, and munitions of war were contributed from America, and the powers of Europe at length interposed and gave freedom to Greece.

11. But in Greece itself, so far from intimidating the people and inducing them to lay down their arms, it only aroused them to a more desperate resistance against their vindictive and relentless oppressors. All preferred to die sooner than now yield to such rulers.

12. And all desired that this fearful crime should be signally avenged, and its guilty authors punished. The heroic avenger was not wanting, and speedy punishment overtook the commander of the Turkish fleet.

13. Constantine Kanaris, a gallant and skillful seaman, and one who had already distinguished himself in the naval service of Greece, was roused to strike a daring and desperate blow against the fleet of murderers.

14. He was at that time about thirty years old, of low stature, and slender but active frame. His countenance was mild and gentle, and he was much beloved for his amiable character and goodness of heart. But his spirit was that of a hero, and fear was a stranger to his breast.

15. As soon as he received the dreadful intelligence, he resolved to burn the Turkish fleet which had aided in the massacre of Scio. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of June, 1822, two fire-ships, under his command, entered the Straits of Scio, where the Turkish vessels were at anchor dreaming of no danger.

16. The fire-ships which Kanaris used were contrivances of his own invention, and with them he had already gained renown for himself and had inspired terror in the hearts of the Turks. To the Turkish sailor the name of Kanaris was already a word of dread.

17. The inside of these fire-ships was daubed with pitch and sulphur, and filled with dry brushwood. Kegs of powder were placed under the hatches, and from each a train was laid, ending at the stern. The rigging was

covered with tar, and the ends of the yards were armed with hooks. Thus prepared, this engine of war was run into an enemy's ship.

18. The sailors then leaped into a boat which was kept ready for that purpose. The captain fired the train, and followed them. In a few moments the fire-ship would be in a broad sheet of flame, from which the other vessel would take fire. Many Turkish vessels had already been destroyed by Kanaris and his fire-ships.

19. On the memorable night of the 18th of June, as they drew near the Turkish fleet, the sailors under his command, seeing their danger, refused to go on. Kanaris, with a stern voice, threatened to fire his pistol into a keg of powder and blow the vessel up if they flinched. His brave spirit subdued their fears, and they proceeded.

20. The moon shone clear, and the breeze bore the fire-ships into the middle of the Turkish fleet. Kanaris, disdaining all meaner prey, approached the huge ship of the Turkish admiral. "Keep away! keep away!" cried the guard.

21. Still the strange craft moved on, and its heroic commander, standing erect on the deck of his vessel as if announcing their doom, said in a clear and loud voice that was heard throughout the Turkish fleet, "I am Kanaris."

22. A wild cry of terror followed this announcement. The sleeping Turks were roused. Hundreds rushed to the deck in confusion, and began to fire. But the strange sail rapidly approached them.

23. All his men had crouched behind the bulwarks; he alone remained standing erect as he steered his vessel full upon the admiral's ship. In a few moments his bow struck her side with a terrible shock. Instantly his own boat was lowered, and the sailors jumped into it. Kanaris

touched the train, and followed their example. They then rowed rapidly away.

24. The train communicated with the combustibles, and soon the whole vessel flashed forth in one broad blaze, which seized the Turkish ship in its fiery grasp. Then ensued a scene of horror and confusion, more easily imagined than described. Nothing could be done to separate the entangled vessels.

25. All discipline ceased; orders could not be heard, or, if heard, were not obeyed. In order to escape the flames, many jumped overboard and were drowned. The sails and cordage were all in a blaze, and the fire dropping on deck lighted up everything there.

26. The admiral of the Turkish fleet, the wicked author of the bloody massacre of Scio, hastened with his officers into a boat, and by cutting off the hands of the drowning wretches who sought to escape with him, succeeded in rowing a short distance from his burning vessel. But he was not destined to escape. The magazine blew up, his vessel was torn to fragments, and a falling mast was hurled upon his boat, and all with him were either crushed or drowned.

27. Thus did the author of one of the most fearful crimes recorded in history meet a speedy and merited punishment, and thus was one of the most daring achievements triumphantly successful. Kanaris and his crew escaped in safety, without the loss of a man, and were picked up the next morning by a Greek ship.

28. He lived to witness the independence of his native land, and to reach the good old age of fourscore years. He died in 1872, the object of universal admiration and respect. He had all the modesty of a true hero, and never seemed conscious of his own remarkable achievements.

— *Selected.*

LXIV. DAY: A PASTORAL

Morning

1. In the barn the tenant cock,
   Close to Partlet perched on high,
   Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!),
   Jocund that the morning's nigh.

2. Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
   Shadows, nursed by night, retire;
   And the peeping sunbeam now
   Paints with gold the village spire.

3. Philomel forsakes the thorn,
   Plaintive where she prates at night:
   And the lark, to meet the morn,
   Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

4. From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
   See the chattering swallow spring;
   Darting through the one-arched bridge,
   Quick she dips her dappled wing.

5. Now the pine tree's waving top
   Gently greets the morning gale;
   Kidlings now begin to crop
   Daisies on the dewy dale.

6. From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
   (Restless till her task be done),
   Now the busy bee's employed,
   Sipping dew before the sun.

7. Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When sun-driven from the hills.

8. Colin's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious — while the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

9. Sweet, oh sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

Noon

10. Fervid on the glittering flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop's left the rose.

11. By the brook the shepherd dines —
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

12. Now the flocks forsake the glade,
Where unchecked the sunbeams fall —
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey wall.

13. Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

14. Cattle court the zephyrs bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

15. But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

16. Not a leaf has leave to stir;
Nature's lulled — serene — and still:
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

17. Languid is the landscape round —
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

18. Now the hill, the hedge, are green;
Now the warbler's throat's in tune:
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brightened by the beams of noon.

Evening

19. O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free (the furrowed task is done);
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnished by the setting sun.

20. Now he sets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

21. Trudging as the plowmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened o'er the level ground.

22. Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built, airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

23. As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild, resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

24. Now the hermit owlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

25. As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

26. Tripping through the silken grass
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexioned lass,
With her well-poised milking pail!

27. Linnets with unnumbered notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LXV. JOAN OF ARC

1. What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, who rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The poor maiden drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

2. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do* — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own — that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; let me use that life, so transitory, for glorious ends.

3. This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once relaxed in her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold; the spectators on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames; but the voice that called her to death — *that* she heard forever.

4. Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew

that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them.* Not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew — early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth — that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her.*

5. Joan of Arc was born in 1412, in the little village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, in France. Her parents were poor, and maintained themselves by their own labor upon a little land, with a few cattle. Joan worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed and spun. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write; but she would often go apart by herself in the pasture, as if to talk with God. She was a devout attendant at church, and gave to the poor to the utmost extent of her means; a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek Him in places consecrated by religion.

6. Her native land was at this period in a distracted state. Paris was occupied by English troops; and the king of England was declared by a strong party the rightful heir of the throne of France. The people of the north of France, seeing in his success the end of strife, favored his cause; but in the south, the country people and a part of the nobility stood by the lineal heir, Charles the Seventh, and by the old nationality. Meanwhile the English were extending their power; and the city of Orleans was so closely besieged by them that its fall seemed inevitable. It was a dark day for France.

JOAN OF ARC
Her triumphal entry into the city of Rouen.

7. For some time Joan had entertained the belief that she was in communion with the spirits of departed saints; that she saw angelic visions and heard angelic voices. These voices now whispered to her the duty imposed upon herself of delivering France and restoring its nationality. She found the means of making her way to the presence of the true heir of the throne, Charles the Seventh; and although, as he stood among his courtiers, he at first, in order to test her prophetic gift, maintained that he was not the king, she fell down and embraced his knees, declaring that he was the man. She offered to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned.

8. At this time she was eighteen years old, slender and delicate in shape, with a pleasant countenance, a somewhat pale complexion, eyes rather melancholy than eager, and rich chestnut-brown hair. As the king's affairs were hopeless, he did not refuse what seemed the preternatural aid proffered by Joan. She demanded for herself a particular sword in the church of St. Catherine, which was given to her. She put on a male dress, and unfurled her banner at the head of the French army, whom she had inspired with her own strong convictions of help from on high through her means.

9. She now appeared frequently in battle, and was several times wounded; still no unfeminine cruelty ever stained her conduct. She never killed any one, never shed blood with her own hand. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded. She mourned over the excesses of her countrymen, and would throw herself from her horse to administer to a dying foeman. Resolute, chivalrous, gentle, and brave, wise in council, constant in her faith in her high mission, and inspiring the whole immense host by her enthusiasm, the secret of her success seemed to lie as

much in her good sense as in her courage and her visions. This girl of the people clearly saw the question before France, and knew how to solve it.

10. When she had first appeared before the king, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, and of flying to the south of France. Joan taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war. Entering the city after sunset on the 29th of April, 1429, she took part on Sunday, May 8th, in the religious celebration for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June she gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July she took Troyes by a coup-de-main; on the 15th of that month she carried the Dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday the 17th she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. She had accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had dictated. She had saved France. What remained was — to suffer.

11. Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

12. Never, from the foundations of the earth, was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense, and all its malignity of attack. O child of France!

shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect — quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark — that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burned alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

13. Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman — cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men — you can die grandly! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air currents.

14. With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last; and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers.

15. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him* — the one friend that would not forsake her — and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

16. Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers, who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr! Ah, we are lost! we have burned a saint! Would to God that my soul were with hers!" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood.

— *Selected.*

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

— FRANCIS BACON.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

— GOETHE.

LXVI. WILLIAM TELL

I

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, *his son, and* GESSLER.

Gessler. Thy name?
Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:
My name is Tell.
Gessler. Tell! — William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Gessler. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! — Indeed — I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! I'll spare thy life —
The boy's too! — both of you are free — on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Gessler. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Gessler. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! — Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! — Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —
You would not have me make a trial of

My skill upon my child! — Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Gessler. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Gessler. No.
Tell. No! — I'll send the arrow through the core!
Gessler. It is to rest upon his head.
Tell. Great Heaven, thou hearest him!
Gessler. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.
Tell. O monster!
Gessler. Wilt thou do it?
Albert. He will! he will!
Tell. Ferocious monster! — Make
A father murder his own child.
Gessler. Take off
His chains, if he consent.
Tell. With his own hand!
Gessler. Does he consent?
Albert. He does.
[GESSLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious of what they do.*]
Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror — 'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gessler.
Albert. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father! —
Tell. Hit thee! — Send
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses! — Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —
Gessler. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.
Gessler. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Albert. No, father — no!
To save me! — You'll be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth —
I'll make the trial.
Albert. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what? — I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!
Gessler. Then he dies this moment — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well — I'll do it: I'll make the trial.
Albert. Father —
Tell. Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice — thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be — earth should be dumb,
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver! —

Gessler. When all's ready.

Tell. Well! lead on!

II

Enter, slowly, Citizens and Women, GESSLER, TELL, ALBERT, *and Soldiers — one bearing* TELL'S *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

Gessler. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Gessler. True or not, what is't to thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

Gessler. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gessler! — Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!

Gessler. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. — The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun —
I will not shoot against the sun!

Gessler. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
Gessler. Stay! show me the basket! — There —
Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Gessler. I know I have.
Tell. Oh! do you? — But you see
The color on't is dark — I'd have it light,
To see it better.
Gessler. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
Tell. True — true! I did not think of that — I wonder
I did think not of that — Give me some chance
To save my boy!
[*Throws away the apple with all his force.*]
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
Gessler. Well, choose thyself.
Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?
Verner [*rushing forward*]. Here, Tell!
Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief;
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! — the boy! Think'st thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
Verner. Yes.
Tell. How looks he?

Verner. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it — look yourself.
Tell. No — no — my friend.
To hear it is enough.
Verner. He bears himself so much above his years —
Tell. I know! — I know!
Verner. With constancy so modest! —
Tell. I was sure he would —
Verner. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you —
Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not — you do not mind me! — Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Verner. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*]
Albert. May I not speak with him before I go?
Verner. No.
Albert. I would only kiss his hand.
Verner. You must not.
Albert. I must! — I cannot go from him without.
Verner. It is his will you should.
Albert. His will, is it?
I am content, then — come.
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou steady, I will hit

The apple — Go! — God bless thee — go. — My bow! —
[*The bow is handed to him.*]
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant — No,
I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch — stanch. Let me see my quiver.
Gessler. Give him a single arrow.
Tell. Do you shoot?
Soldier. I do.
Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged;
[*Breaks it.*]
That's all the use 'tis fit for.
Gessler. Let him have another.
Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! — 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.
Gessler. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.
Tell. See if the boy is ready.
Verner. He is.
Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silence for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*]
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

[TELL *shoots, and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*]

Verner [*rushing in with* ALBERT]. The boy is safe, — no hair of him is touched.

Albert. Father, I'm safe! — your Albert's safe. Dear father —

Speak to me! Speak to me!

Verner. He cannot, boy!

Albert. You grant him life?

Gessler. I do.

Albert. And we are free?

Gessler. You are.

Albert. Thank Heaven! — Thank Heaven!

Verner. Open his vest,

And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye upon* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*]

Tell. My boy! — My boy!

Gessler. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

— SHERIDAN KNOWLES in *William Tell.*

LXVII. TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS

1. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again.

WILLIAM TELL

O sacred forms, how fair, how proud, you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!

2. Ye are the things that tower, that shine — whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show you they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

3. Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up! Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him: I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside
And let him soar away.

4. Once Switzerland was free! Oh, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free!
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks
And plow our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

5. How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring; sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

6. On yonder jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast: o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And, while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
I have thought of other lands, whose fiercest storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there; the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
"Blow on! This is the land of liberty!"

— JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LXVIII. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN

I

1. It came to pass, in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility? And therefore

they lived to a good old age, and "sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced"; so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders.

2. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, "What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room." So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do.

3. And, behold, there arose amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

4. With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said: "Fellow-citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the boar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity.

5. "Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, towns, and villages ready built to our hands.

6. "Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not only get all these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked

round him with much exultation, and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out: "Ay, it is true! Let us arise and get great glory!"

7. But at that word, there stood up Mynheer Kindermann, an old man — a very old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children and his children's children at their play, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend.

8. As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "*Glory*," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud: "My brethren! I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I traveled far and wide with my merchandise; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people; but what of that?

9. "It is not people that we lack: it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains; and is that glory? But if we are

able to take that land, we must first kill or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in; and is that glory?

10. "And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with God's blessing. Oh, what honest, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes, we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes, which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal forests, to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before the Great Father who made us all! My brethren, I cannot think that is glory, but great disgrace and infamy, and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.

11. "I have long looked about me, and I see that Heaven has given all those countries round us to whom He would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves; and cursèd be he who would disturb or injure them."

II

12. "But, my brethren, how shall we get glory? and, what is of more immediate necessity, how shall we get land to live in? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too long the custom for men to call themselves warriors when they desire to be murderers, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbors; and I have thought, as all the land is

taken up, and as we cannot, without great sin, invade the land, that *we had better invade the sea*, where we can take, and wrong no man.

13. "And who does not know, that has looked toward the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to belong neither to the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the waters, and sometimes it is partly bare — a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious crabs that make war upon one another — the stronger upon the weaker — and sea fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls 'great glory.' My brethren, let us invade the sea — let us get piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spare."

14. As he finished his speech there arose a deep murmur, that grew and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out, "Yes, we will invade the sea!" and so it was decreed.

15. Then began they with axes to fell wood; with levers and mattocks to wrench up stones; and with wagons, horses, and oxen, to draw them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gone down very far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So, when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof.

16. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still farther, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again,

and they had pushed the bank still farther, so that, in great amaze, it said within itself: "What are these little, insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their banks, and sweep both it and them away together."

17. But at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land; and the sea was entirely shut out. Then it was filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the progress of itself — the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder.

18. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvelous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there, stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the dike will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men perished.

19. Then went Van Manslaughter among the people with great joy and many loud words, saying: "See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your

old counselor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave to people this bog with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."

20. Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him, and bade them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it stronger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage and did so; for they said, "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the bank; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people, seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The dike will stand!"

21. Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. Then the inhabitants rejoiced, saying: "Others have invaded lands, and killed people; but we have hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and Heaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

22. These are the people whose wealth and industry are known through the whole world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the name of the Honest Dutchmen. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were on that day!

— WILLIAM HOWITT.

Tell what you know of the dike lands of Holland.

LXIX. THE BELLS

1. Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3. Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling

Joyous Bells

And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

4. Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

— EDGAR ALLAN POE.

LXX. THE SEA VOYAGE

1. I was born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother when I was very young. At the age of five my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education. I was to be intrusted to the care of a young woman, but just as I had taken leave of my friends and we were about to take our passage, she suddenly fell sick and could not go on board.

2. The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last that was to sail for the season. At length the captain prevailed upon my friends to let me embark alone.

There was no possibility of getting any other attendant for me in the short time allotted for our preparation, and the opportunity of going by that ship was thought too valuable to be lost. No ladies happened to be going, and so I was consigned to the care of the captain and his crew — rough and unaccustomed attendants for a young creature delicately brought up as I had been.

3. The unpolished sailors were my nursery mates and my waiting women. Everything was done by the captain and the men to accommodate me and make me comfortable. I had a little room made out of the cabin, which was to be considered as my room, and nobody might enter it.

4. The first mate had a great character for bravery and all sailor-like accomplishments; but with all this he had a gentleness of manner, and a pale, feminine cast of face, from ill health and a weakly constitution, which subjected him to some ridicule from the officers, and caused him to be named Betsy. He did not much like the appellation; but he submitted to it, saying that those who gave him a woman's name well knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, the care of me was especially intrusted.

5. Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole voyage. This reconciled me in some measure to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times and gave nobody much trouble.

6. I have not knowledge enough to give an account of my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through, or the lands which we touched upon in

our course. The chief thing I can remember was Atkinson taking me up on deck to see the whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale that came bounding up out of the sea; then he would dive into it again, and then he would come up at a distance where nobody expected him; and another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale kept the bigger whale company all through the wide seas. But I thought it frightful kind of play, for every minute I expected they would come up to our ship and toss it. But Atkinson said that a whale was a gentle creature, that it was a sort of sea elephant, and that the most powerful creatures in nature are always the least hurtful.

7. Many other things he used to show me when he was not on watch or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he; but at such times as he had leisure he would show me all the pretty sea sights — the dolphins and the porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colors which the sea changed to — how sometimes it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire. All these various appearances he would show me and attempt to explain the reason for them to me as well as my young capacity would permit

8. There were a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the king, and it was a great diversion for Atkinson and me to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the gates and patting their rough coats.

9. Some of the men had monkeys which ran loose about; and the sport was for the men to lose them and find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds and pass

from rope to rope with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them. Sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found they would grin and make mouths. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage!

10. Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and varieties of fishes that were in the sea, and tell me tales of the sea monsters that lay hid at the bottom and were seldom seen by men; and what a curious sight it would be if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

11. When, in foul weather, I was terrified at the motion of the vessel, as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle; and that the sea was God's bed and the ship our cradle, and we were as safe in that greater motion as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping places. When the wind was up and sang through the sails and disturbed me with its violent clamor, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea organ; and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions.

12. When I looked around with a mournful face, he would enter into my thoughts and tell me pretty stories of his mother and sisters, and a cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife if ever he returned to England; but that he had

his doubts whether he should live to get home. This made me cry bitterly.

13. The captain and all were singularly kind to me and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremastman would never willingly appear before me till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, so as not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement; and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that could be contrived were thought upon to reconcile me to my lot.

14. I was the universal favorite; I do not know how deservedly, but I suppose it was because I was alone. Had I come over with relations or attendants, I should have excited no particular curiosity; I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men; and I believe the homage (which I have read) that men universally pay to women was in this case directed to me in the absence of all other womankind. I do not know how that may be; but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

15. I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort was Atkinson's not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin; that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted.

16. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion; but his face lighted up when he saw me,

and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage far longer than that which we had passed together, and he never should come back. And though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death; and I cried sadly. But he comforted me and told me that I must be his little executrix and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and sisters and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time. He gave me his blessing as a father would bless his child; and he sent a kiss by me to his mother and sisters; and he made me promise that I would go and see them when I got to England.

17. Soon after this he died; but I was in another part of the ship and I was not told of his death till we got to shore a few days after. Oh, what a grief it was when I learned that I had lost an old shipmate who had made an irksome situation so bearable by his kind assiduities! And to think that he was gone, and I could never repay him for his kindness!

18. When I had been a year and a half in England, the captain, who had made another voyage to India and back, prevailed upon my friends to let him introduce me to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny was no more: she had died in the interval, and I never saw her.

19. In the mother and sisters of this excellent young man I have found the most valuable friends I possess on this side of the great ocean. From them I have learned passages of his former life; and this, in particular — that the illness of which he died was brought on by a wound which he got in a desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force. By his precocious valor in spiriting the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing the enemy.

20. This was that Atkinson, who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy; this was he who condescended to play the handmaid to a little, unaccompanied orphan that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea captain and his rougher crew.

— CHARLES LAMB in *Eliana*.

LXXI. THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

I

1. "Build me straight, O worthy master!
   Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
   That shall laugh at all disaster,
   And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

2. The merchant's word,
   Delighted, the master heard;
   For his heart was in his work, and the heart
   Giveth grace unto every art.

3. A quiet smile played round his lips,
   As the eddies and dimples of the tide
   Play round the bows of ships,
   That steadily at anchor ride.
   And with a voice that was full of glee,
   He answered, "Erelong we will launch
   A vessel as goodly and strong and stanch
   As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
   And first with nicest skill and art,
   Perfect and finished in every part,
   A little model the master wrought,
   Which should be to the larger plan
   What the child is to the man,
   Its counterpart in miniature;
   That with a hand more swift and sure

The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.

4. And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the *Great Harry*, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

5. It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.
In the shipyard stood the master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And would wave and whirlwind wrestle!

6. Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

7. The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.

8. Beside the master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

9. Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!

The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

10. "Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

II

11. The master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.

12. Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!
Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

13. And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,

His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream.

14. Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the master and his men: —

15. "Build me straight, O worthy master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

16. With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast,
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast.
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mold,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modeled from the master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

17. Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forest they should not see again.

18. And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold

That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

III

19. All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

20. The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,

Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.
On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

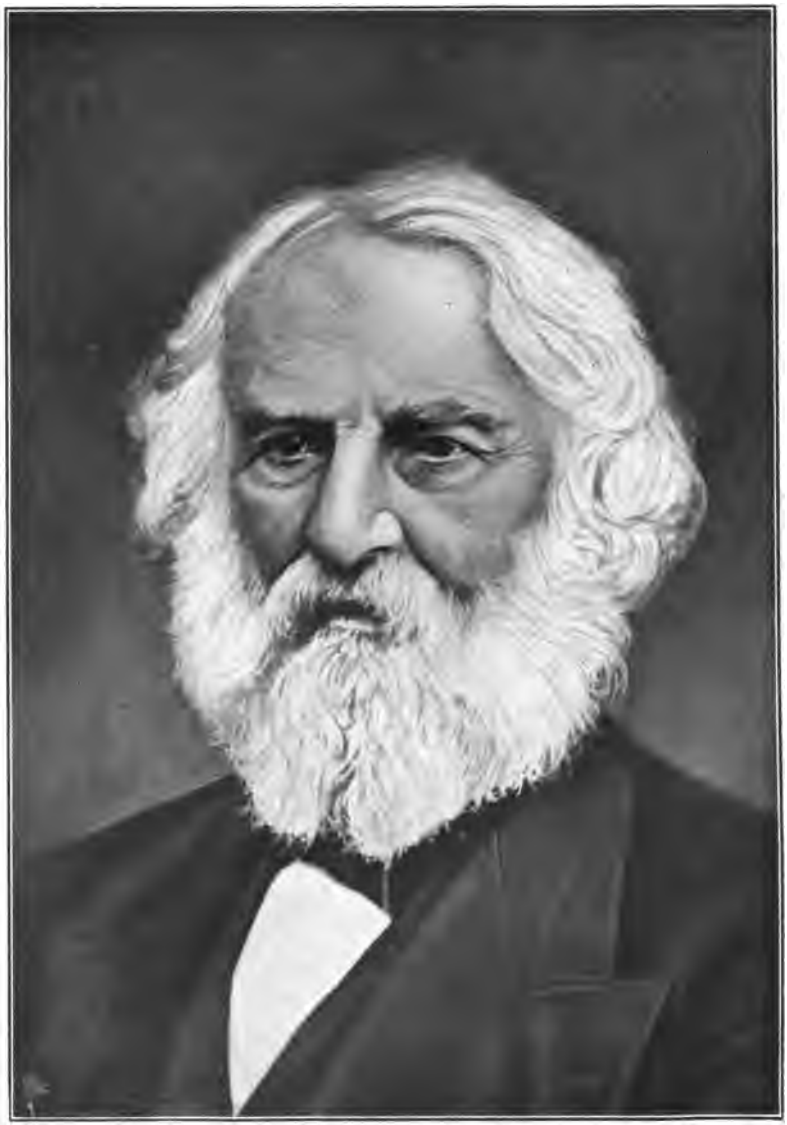
21. The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears began to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.

22. "Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.

23. "Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy, and not of fear!"

24. Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

25. And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

26. Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer.
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

27. Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

28. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LXXII. AMONG THE PEARLS

I

1. "Here we are, M. Arronax," said Captain Nemo. "You see that inclosed bay? Here, in a month, will be assembled the numerous fishing-boats of exporters, and these are the waters their divers will ransack so boldly.

2. "Happily, this bay is well situated for that kind of fishing. It is sheltered from the strongest winds; the sea is never rough here, — a condition that makes it favorable for the divers' work. We will now put on our dresses, and begin our walk."

3. Soon we were enveloped to the throat in india-rubber clothing; the air apparatus was fixed to our backs by braces. One last question remained to ask Captain Nemo.

4. "And our arms?" asked I; "our guns?"

5. "Guns! what for? Do not mountaineers attack the bear with a dagger, and is it not surer than lead? Here is a strong blade; put it in your belt, and we start."

6. I looked at my companions; they were armed like us, and, more than that, Ned Land was brandishing an

enormous harpoon, which he had placed on the boat before leaving the *Nautilus*.

7. Then, following the captain's example, I allowed myself to be dressed in the heavy copper helmet, and our reservoirs of air were at once in activity. An instant after we were landed, one after the other, in about two feet of water upon an even sand. Captain Nemo made a sign with his hand, and we followed him by a gentle declivity, till we disappeared under the waves.

8. Over our feet, like coveys of snipe in a bog, rose shoals of fish, of a genus that have no other fins but their tail. I recognized the Javanese, a real serpent, two and a half feet long, of a livid color underneath, which might easily be mistaken for a conger eel, if it were not for the golden stripes on its sides.

9. The heightening sun lit the mass of waters more and more. The soil changed by degrees. To the fine sand succeeded a perfect causeway of bowlders, covered with a carpet of small plant-like animals. About seven o'clock we found ourselves at last surveying the oyster banks, on which the pearl oysters are produced by millions.

10. In a moment there opened before us a large grotto dug in a picturesque heap of rocks and carpeted with all the thick warp of the submarine flora. After descending a rather sharp declivity, our feet trod the bottom of a kind of circular pit.

11. There Captain Nemo stopped, and with his hand indicated an object that I had not yet perceived. It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a giant of its kind. I approached this wonderful mollusk, which adhered to a table of granite, and there isolated, developed itself in the calm waters of the grotto.

12. Captain Nemo was evidently acquainted with the existence of this bivalve. He seemed also to have a particular reason for making sure of its condition.

13. The shells were a little open. The captain came near and put his dagger between to prevent them from closing. Then with his hand he raised the membrane with its fringed edges, which formed a cloak for the creature.

14. There between the folded plaits I saw a loose pearl, whose size equaled that of a cocoanut. Its globular shape, perfect clearness, and admirable luster made it altogether a jewel of highest value.

15. Carried away by my curiosity, I stretched out my hand to seize it, weigh it, and touch it; but the captain stopped me, made a sign of refusal, and quickly withdrew his dagger. The two shells closed suddenly.

16. I then understood Captain Nemo's intention. In leaving this pearl hidden in the mantle of the bivalve, he was allowing it to grow slowly. Each year the secretions of the mollusk would add new concentric layers. I estimated its value at five hundred thousand pounds at least.

17. After ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. I thought that he had halted with a view to returning. No; by a gesture he bade us crouch beside him in a deep fissure of the rock, and his hand pointed to one part of the liquid mass, which I watched attentively.

18. About five yards from me a shadow appeared, and sank to the ground. The disquieting idea of sharks shot through my mind, but I was mistaken; and once again it was not a monster of the ocean that we had anything to do with.

19. It was a man, a living man, an Indian, a fisherman, who, I suppose, had come to glean before the harvest. I

could see the bottom of his canoe anchored some feet above his head. He dived and went up successively.

20. A stone cut in the shape of a sugar loaf, and held between his feet, while a rope fastened him to the boat, helped him to descend more rapidly. This was all his apparatus.

21. Reaching the bottom, about five yards deep, he dropped on his knees and filled his bag with oysters picked up at random. Then he went up, emptied it, pulled up his stone, and once more began the operation, which lasted thirty seconds.

22. The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from sight. And how should this poor Indian ever dream that men, beings like himself, should be there under the water, watching his movements, and losing no detail of the fishing?

23. Several times he went up in this way, and dived again. He did not carry away more than ten oysters at each plunge, for he was obliged to pull them from the bank to which they adhered. And many of those for which he had risked his life had no pearl in them! I watched him closely, and for half an hour no danger appeared to threaten him.

II

24. I was beginning to accustom myself to the sight of this interesting fishing, when suddenly, as the Indian was on the ground, I saw him make a gesture of terror, rise, and make a spring to return to the surface of the sea. I understood his dread. A gigantic shadow appeared just above the unfortunate diver. It was a shark of enormous size advancing diagonally, his eyes on fire, and his jaws open. I was mute with horror, and unable to move.

25. The voracious creature shot toward the Indian, who threw himself on one side, in order to avoid the shark's fins; but not its tail, for that struck his chest, and stretched him on the ground.

26. This scene lasted but a few seconds. The shark returned, and turning on his back, prepared himself for cutting the Indian in two. Then I saw Captain Nemo rise suddenly, and, dagger in hand, walk straight to the monster, ready to fight face to face with him. The very moment the shark was going to snap the unhappy fisherman in two, he perceived his new adversary, and turning over, made straight toward him.

27. I can still see Captain Nemo's position. Holding himself well together, he waited for the shark with admirable coolness. When it rushed at him, he threw himself quickly to one side, avoiding the shock, and buried his dagger deep in its side.

28. But it was not all over. A terrible combat ensued. The shark seemed to roar, if I may say so. The blood rushed in torrents from its wound. The sea was dyed red.

29. Through the opaque liquid I could distinguish nothing more, until the moment when, like lightning, the undaunted captain was hanging to one of the creature's fins, struggling, as it were, hand to hand with the monster. Blow upon blow the man dealt his enemy, yet was still unable to give a decisive one.

30. The shark's struggles agitated the water with such fury that the rocking threatened to upset me. I wanted to go to the captain's assistance, but nailed to the spot with horror, I could not stir.

31. I saw the haggard eye; I saw the different phases of the fight. The captain fell to the earth, upset by the enormous mass that leaned upon him. The shark's jaws

opened wide, like a pair of factory shears, and it would have been all over with the captain, but, quick as thought, harpoon in hand, Ned Land rushed toward the shark and struck it with the sharp point.

32. The waves were colored with blood. They rocked under the shark's movements, which beat them with fury. Ned Land had not missed his aim. It was the monster's death rattle. Stricken to the heart, it struggled in dreadful convulsions.

33. Ned, however, had disentangled the captain, who, getting up without any wound, went straight to the Indian. Quickly he cut the cord that held the poor fellow to his stone, took him in his arms, and with a sharp blow of his heel, mounted to the surface.

34. We all three followed in a few seconds, saved as by a miracle, and reached the fisherman's boat. Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the man to life. I did not think he could succeed. The blow from the shark's tail might have been his death blow.

35. Happily, with the captain's and Conseil's sharp friction, consciousness returned by degrees. He opened his eyes. What was his surprise, his terror even, at seeing four great copper heads leaning over him! Above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo drew from the pocket of his dress a bag of pearls, and placed it in his hand?

36. This unexpected charity from the man of the waters to the poor pearl fisher was accepted with a trembling hand. His wondering eyes showed that he knew not to what superior beings he owed both fortune and life.

37. At a sign from the captain we regained the bank, and following the road already traveled, came in about half an hour to the anchor that held the canoe of the *Nautilus*

to the earth. Once on board, we got rid of the heavy copper helmets. Captain Nemo's first word was to the Canadian. "Thank you, Master Land," said he.

38. "It was in revenge, Captain," replied Ned Land. "I owed you that."

39. A smile passed across the captain's lips, and that was all. "To the *Nautilus*," said he.

40. The boat flew over the waves. Some minutes later we met the shark's dead body floating. It was more than twenty-five feet long; its enormous mouth occupied one third of its body.

41. Whilst I was contemplating this inert mass, a dozen of these voracious beasts appeared round the boat; and without noticing us they threw themselves upon the dead body, and fought with one another for the pieces.

42. At half-past eight we were again on board the *Nautilus*. There I reflected on the incident that had taken place in our excursion to the Manaar Bank on the coast of Ceylon.

— JULES VERNE.

LXXIII. THE WONDERFUL CHIP

1. The following narrative, by Mr. Williams, the missionary, describes in a striking manner the feelings of an untaught people when observing for the first time the effects of written communications.

2. "In the erection of my chapel," says he, "having come to the work one morning without my square, I picked up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article.

3. "I called a chief, who was superintending a part of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.'

4. "He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements. He had been a great warrior, but in one of the numerous battles he had fought, he had lost an eye. Giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said: 'Take that! She will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' I replied, 'she will not; take it and go immediately; I am in haste.'

5. "Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish.'

6. "With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said: 'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time talking about it.

7. "On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest. The chief, wishing to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'

8. "'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say anything.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.'

9. "With this the chief leaped out of the house; and, catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his hands could reach, and shouting as he went: 'See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!'

10. "On giving me the square he wished to know how

it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time.

11. "During several days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders the chip had performed." —*Selected.*

LXXIV. THESEUS

I

How Theseus lifted the Stone

Once upon a time there was a princess in Trœzene, Æthra, the daughter of Pittheus the king. She had one fair son, named Theseus, the bravest lad in all the land; and Æthra never smiled but when she looked at him, for her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away. And she used to go up to the mountain above Trœzene, to the temple of Poseidon, and sit there all day looking out across the bay, over Methana, to the purple peaks of Ægina and the Attic shore beyond. And when Theseus was full fifteen years old she took him up with her to the temple and into the thickets of the grove which grew in the temple yard. And she led him to a tall plane tree, beneath whose shade grew arbutus, and lentisk, and purple heather bushes. And there she sighed, and said, "Theseus, my son, go into that thicket, and you will find at the plane tree foot a great flat stone; lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and saw that they had not been moved for many a year. And searching among their roots, he found a great flat

stone, all overgrown with ivy, and acanthus, and moss. He tried to lift it, but he could not. And he tried till the sweat ran down his brow from heat, and the tears from his eyes for shame; but all was of no avail. And at last he came back to his mother, and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it; nor do I think that any man could in all Trœzene."

Then she sighed and said: "The gods wait long; but they are just at last. Let it be for another year. The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all Trœzene."

Then she took him by the hand, and went into the temple and prayed, and came down again with Theseus to her home.

And when a full year was past, she led Theseus up again to the temple, and bade him lift the stone; but he could not.

Then she sighed, and said the same words again, and went down, and came again the next year; but Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after; and he longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might lie underneath it; but her face was so sad that he had not the heart to ask.

So he said to himself, "The day shall surely come when I will lift that stone, though no man in Trœzene can." And in order to grow strong he spent all his days in wrestling, and boxing, and hurling, and taming horses, and hunting the boar and the bull, and coursing goats and deer among the rocks; till upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus; and he killed Phaia, the wild sow of Crommyon, which wasted all the land; till all the people said, "Surely the gods are with the lad."

And when his eighteenth year was past, Æthra led him

up again to the temple, and said, "Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are." And Theseus went into the thicket, and stood over the stone, and tugged at it; and it moved. Then his spirit swelled within him, and he said, "If I break my heart in my body, it shall up." And he tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

And when he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals; and he caught them up, and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and leaped to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl; and Theseus stood by her wondering, and wept also, he knew not why. And when she was tired of weeping, she lifted up her head, and laid her finger on her lips, and said, "Hide them in your bosom, Theseus my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."

Then they went outside the sacred wall, and looked down over the bright blue sea; and Æthra said:

"Do you see this land at our feet?"

And he said, "Yes; this is Trœzene, where I was born and bred."

And she said: "It is but a little land, barren and rocky, and looks towards the bleak northeast. Do you see that land beyond?"

"Yes; that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell."

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus my son; and it looks toward the sunny south; a land of olive oil and honey, the joy of gods and men. For the gods have girdled it with mountains, whose veins are of pure silver, and their bones of marble white as snow; and there the hills are

sweet with thyme and basil, and the meadows with violet and asphodel, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets, by the side of ever flowing streams. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race, the children of Cecrops the serpent king, the son of Mother Earth, who wear gold cicalas among the tresses of their golden hair; for like the cicalas they sprang from the earth, and like the cicalas they sing all day, rejoicing in the genial sun. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were king of such a land?"

Then his heart grew great within him, and Theseus said, "If I were king of such a land I would rule it wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb, and cry, 'Alas, for the shepherd of his people!'"

And Æthra smiled, and said, "Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to Ægeus, king of Athens, who lives on Pallas' hill; and say to him, 'The stone is lifted, but whose is the pledge beneath it?' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the gods shall send."

Then she kissed Theseus, and wept over him; and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.

II

How Theseus slew the Devourers of Men

So Theseus stood there alone, with his mind full of many hopes. And first he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship, and sailing across the bay to Athens; but even that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea, and find his father. But after a while his heart began to fail him; and he sighed, and said within himself:

"What if my father have other sons about him whom he loves? What if he will not receive me? And what have I done that he should receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born: why should he welcome me now?"

Then he thought a long while sadly; and at the last he cried aloud: "Yes! I will make him love me; for I will prove myself worthy of his love. I will win honor and renown, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me, though he had fifty other sons! Did not Heracles win himself honor, though he was oppressed, and the slave of Eurystheus? Did he not kill all robbers and evil beasts, and drain great lakes and marshes, breaking the hills through with his club? Therefore it was that all men honored him, because he rid them of their miseries, and made life pleasant to them and their children after them. Where can I go, to do as Heracles has done? Where can I find strange adventures, robbers, and monsters, and the children of hell, the enemies of men? I will go by land, and into the mountains, and round by the way of the Isthmus. Perhaps there I may hear of brave adventures, and do something which shall win my father's love."

So he went by land, and away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh, till he came to the Spider mountains, which hang over Epidaurus and the sea, where the glens run downward from one peak in the midst, as the rays spread in the spider's web.

And he went up into the gloomy glens, between the furrowed marble walls, till the lowland grew blue beneath his feet and the clouds drove damp about his head.

But he went up and up forever, through the spider's web of glens, till he could see the narrow gulfs spread below him, north and south, and east and west; black cracks half-choked with mists, and above all a dreary down.

But over that down he must go, for there was no road right or left; so he toiled on through bog and brake, till he came to a pile of stones.

And on the stones a man was sitting, wrapped in a bear-skin cloak. The head of the bear served him for a cap, and its teeth grinned white around his brows; and the feet were tied about his throat, and their claws shone white upon his chest. And when he saw Theseus he rose, and laughed till the glens rattled.

"And who art thou, fair fly, who hast walked into the spider's web?" But Theseus walked on steadily, and made no answer; but he thought, "Is this some robber? and has an adventure come already to me?" But the strange man laughed louder than ever, and said:

"Bold fly, know you not that these glens are the web from which no fly ever finds his way out again, and this down the spider's house, and I the spider who sucks the flies? Come hither and let me feast upon you; for it is of no use to run away, so cunning a web has my father Hephaistos spread for me when he made these clefts in the mountains, through which no man finds his way home."

But Theseus came on steadily, and asked:

"And what is your name among men, bold spider? and where are your spider's fangs?"

Then the strange man laughed again:

"My name is Periphetes, the son of Hephaistos and Anticleia the mountain nymph. But men call me Corynetes the club-bearer; and here is my spider's fang."

And he lifted from off the stones at his side a mighty club of bronze.

"This my father gave me, and forged it himself in the roots of the mountain; and with it I pound all proud flies till they give out their fatness and their sweetness. So

give me up that gay sword of yours, and your mantle, and your golden sandals, lest I pound you, and by ill luck you die."

But Theseus wrapped his mantle round his left arm quickly, in hard folds, from his shoulder to his hand, and drew his sword, and rushed upon the club-bearer, and the club-bearer rushed on him.

Thrice he struck at Theseus, and made him bend under the blows like a sapling; but Theseus guarded his head with his left arm, and the mantle which was wrapped around it.

And thrice Theseus sprang upright after the blow, like a sapling when the storm is past; and he stabbed at the club-bearer with his sword, but the loose folds of the bear-skin saved him.

Then Theseus grew mad, and closed with him, and caught him by the throat, and they fell and rolled over together; but when Theseus rose up from the ground the club-bearer lay still at his feet.

Then Theseus took his club and his bearskin, and left him to the kites and crows, and went upon his journey down the glens on the farther slope, till he came to a broad green valley, and saw flocks and herds sleeping beneath the trees.

And by the side of a pleasant fountain, under the shade of rocks and trees, were nymphs and shepherds dancing; but no one piped to them while they danced.

And when they saw Theseus, they shrieked; and the shepherds ran off, and drove away their flocks, while the nymphs dived into the fountain like coots, and vanished.

Theseus wondered and laughed: "What strange fancies have folks here who run away from strangers, and have no music when they dance!" But he was tired, and dusty,

and thirsty; so he thought no more of them, but drank and bathed in the clear pool, and then lay down in the shade under a plane tree, while the water sang him to sleep, as it tinkled down from stone to stone.

And when he woke he heard a whispering, and saw the nymphs peeping at him across the fountain from the dark mouth of a cave, where they sat on green cushions of moss. And one said, "Surely he is not Periphetes"; and another, "He looks like no robber, but a fair and gentle youth."

Then Theseus smiled, and called them: "Fair nymphs, I am not Periphetes. He sleeps among the kites and crows; but I have brought away his bearskin and his club."

Then they leaped across the pool, and came to him, and called the shepherds back. And he told them how he had slain the club-bearer: and the shepherds kissed his feet and sang, "Now we shall feed our flocks in peace, and not be afraid to have music when we dance; for the cruel club-bearer has met his match, and he will listen for our pipes no more."

Then they brought him kid's flesh and wine, and the nymphs brought him honey from the rocks, and he ate, and drank, and slept again, while the nymphs and shepherds danced and sang. And when he woke, they begged him to stay; but he would not. "I have a great work to do," he said; "I must be away toward the Isthmus, that I may go to Athens."

But the shepherds said: "Will you go alone toward Athens? None travel that way now, except in armed troops."

"As for arms, I have enough, as you see. And as for troops, an honest man is good enough company for himself. Why should I not go alone toward Athens?"

"If you do, you must look warily about you on the Isthmus, lest you meet Sinis the robber, whom men call Pituocamptes the pine-bender; for he bends down two pine trees, and binds all travelers hand and foot between them, and when he lets the trees go again their bodies are torn in sunder."

"And after that," said another, "you must go inland, and not dare to pass over the cliffs of Sciron; for on the left hand are the mountains, and on the right the sea, so that you have no escape, but must needs meet Sciron the robber, who will make you wash his feet: and while you are washing them he will kick you over the cliff, to the tortoise who lives below, and feeds upon the bodies of the dead."

And before Theseus could answer, another cried: "And after that is a worse danger still, unless you go inland always, and leave Eleusis far on your right. For in Eleusis rules Kerkuon the cruel king, the terror of all mortals, who killed his own daughter Alope in prison. But she was changed into a fair fountain: and her child he cast out upon the mountains, but the wild mares gave it milk. And now he challenges all comers to wrestle with him, for he is the best wrestler in all Attica, and overthrows all who come; and those whom he overthrows he murders miserably, and his palace court is full of their bones."

Then Theseus frowned, and said: "This seems indeed an ill-ruled land, and adventures enough in it to be tried. But if I am the heir of it, I will rule it and right it, and here is my royal scepter." And he shook his club of bronze, while the nymphs and shepherds clung around him, and entreated him not to go.

But on he went, nevertheless, till he could see both the seas and the citadel of Corinth towering high above all the

land. And he passed swiftly along the Isthmus, for his heart burned to meet that cruel Sinis; and in a pine wood at last he met him, where the Isthmus was narrowest and the road ran between high rocks. There he sat upon a stone by the wayside, with a young fir tree for a club across his knees and a cord laid ready by his side; and over his head, upon the fir tops, hung the bones of murdered men.

Then Theseus shouted to him, "Holla, thou valiant pine-bender, hast thou two fir trees left for me?"

And Sinis leaped to his feet, and answered, pointing to the bones above his head, "My larder has grown empty lately, so I have two fir trees ready for thee." And he rushed on Theseus, lifting his club, and Theseus rushed upon him.

Then they hammered together till the greenwoods rang; but the metal was tougher than the pine, and Sinis' club broke right across, as the bronze came down upon it. Then Theseus heaved up another mighty stroke, and smote Sinis down upon his face; and knelt upon his back, and bound him with his own cord, and said, "As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee." Then he bent down two young fir trees and bound Sinis between them, for all his struggling and his prayers; and let them go, and ended Sinis, and went on, leaving him to the hawks and crows.

Then he went over the hills toward Megara, keeping close along the Saronic Sea, till he came to the cliffs of Sciron and the narrow path between the mountain and the sea.

And there he saw Sciron sitting by a fountain at the edge of the cliff. On his knees was a mighty club; and he had barred the path with stones, so that every one must stop who came up.

Then Theseus shouted to him, and said, "Holla, thou tortoise-feeder, do thy feet need washing to-day?"

And Sciron leaped to his feet, and answered: —

"My tortoise is empty and hungry, and my feet need washing to-day." And he stood before his barrier, and lifted up his club in both hands.

Then Theseus rushed upon him; and sore was the battle upon the cliff, for when Sciron felt the weight of the bronze club, he dropped his own, and closed with Theseus, and tried to hurl him by main force over the cliff. But Theseus was a wary wrestler, and dropped his own club, and caught him by the throat and by the knee, and forced him back against the wall of stones, and crushed him up against them, till his breath was almost gone. And Sciron cried, panting, "Loose me, and I will let thee pass." But Theseus answered, "I must not pass till I have made the rough way smooth"; and he forced him back against the wall till it fell, and Sciron rolled head over heels.

Then Theseus lifted him up all bruised, and said, "Come hither and wash my feet." And he drew his sword, and sat down by the well, and said, "Wash my feet, or I cut you piecemeal."

And Sciron washed his feet trembling; and when it was done, Theseus rose, and cried: "As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee. Go feed thy tortoise thyself"; and he kicked him over the cliff into the sea.

And whether the tortoise ate him, I know not; for some say that earth and sea both disdained to take his body, so foul it was with sin. So the sea cast it out upon the shore, and the shore cast it back into the sea, and at last the waves hurled it high into the air in anger; and it hung there long without a grave, till it was changed into a desolate rock, which stands there in the surge until this day.

This at least is true, which Pausanias tells, that in the royal porch at Athens he saw the figure of Theseus modeled in clay, and by him Sciron the robber falling headlong into the sea.

Then he went a long day's journey, past Megara, into the Attic land, and high before him rose the snow peaks of Cithæron, all cold above the black pine woods, where haunt the Furies, and the raving Bacchæ, and the Nymphs who drive men wild, far aloft upon the dreary mountains, where the storms howl all day long. And on his right hand was the sea always, and Salamis, with its island cliffs, and the sacred strait of the sea fight, where afterwards the Persians fled before the Greeks. So he went all day until the evening, till he saw the Thriasian plain, and the sacred city of Eleusis, where the Earth-mother's temple stands. For there she met Triptolemus, when all the land lay waste, Demeter the kind Earth-mother, and in her hands a sheaf of corn. And she taught him to plow the fallows, and to yoke the lazy kine; and she taught him to sow the seed fields, and to reap the golden grain; and sent him forth to teach all nations, and give corn to laboring men. So at Eleusis all men honor her, whosoever tills the land; her and Triptolemus her beloved, who gave corn to laboring men.

And he went along the plain into Eleusis, and stood in the market place, and cried:

"Where is Kerkuon, the king of the city? I must wrestle a fall with him to-day."

Then all the people crowded round him, and cried: "Fair youth, why will you die? Hasten out of the city before the cruel king hears that a stranger is here."

But Theseus went up through the town, while the people wept and prayed, and through the gates of the palace yard,

and through the piles of bones and skulls, till he came to the door of Kerkuon's hall, the terror of all mortal men.

And there he saw Kerkuon sitting at the table in the hall alone; and before him was a whole sheep roasted, and beside him a whole jar of wine. And Theseus stood and called him, "Holla, thou valiant wrestler, wilt thou wrestle a fall to-day?"

And Kerkuon looked up and laughed, and answered, "I will wrestle a fall to-day; but come in, for I am lonely and thou weary, and eat and drink before thou die."

Then Theseus went up boldly, and sat down before Kerkuon at the board; and he ate his fill of the sheep's flesh, and drank his fill of the wine; and Theseus ate enough for three men, but Kerkuon ate enough for seven.

Neither spoke a word to the other, though they looked across the table by stealth; and each said in his heart, "He has broad shoulders; but I trust mine are as broad as his."

At last, when the sheep was eaten and the jar of wine drained dry, King Kerkuon rose, and cried, "Let us wrestle a fall before we sleep."

So they tossed off their garments, and went forth in the palace yard; and Kerkuon bade strew fresh sand in an open space between the bones. And there the heroes stood face to face, while their eyes glared like wild bulls'; and all the people crowded at the gates to see what would befall.

And there they stood and wrestled, till the stars shone out above their heads; up and down and round, till the sand was stamped hard beneath their feet. And their eyes flashed like stars in the darkness, and their breath went up like smoke in the night air; but neither took nor gave a footstep, and the people watched silent at the gates.

But at last Kerkuon grew angry, and caught Theseus round the neck, and shook him as a mastiff shakes a rat; but he could not shake him off his feet.

Theseus was quick and wary, and clasped Kerkuon round the waist, and slipped his loin quickly underneath him, while he caught him by the wrist; and then he hove a mighty heave, a heave which would have stirred an oak, and lifted Kerkuon, and pitched him right over his shoulder on the ground.

Then he leaped on him, and called, "Yield, or I kill thee!" but Kerkuon said no word; for his heart was burst within him with the fall, and the meat, and the wine.

Then Theseus opened the gates, and called in all the people; and they cried, "You have slain our evil king; be you now our king, and rule us well."

"I will be your king in Eleusis, and I will rule you right and well; for this cause I have slain all evildoers — Sinis, and Sciron, and this man last of all."

Then an aged man stepped forth, and said: "Young hero, hast thou slain Sinis? Beware, then, of Ægeus, king of Athens, to whom thou goest, for he is near of kin to Sinis."

"Then I have slain my own kinsman," said Theseus, "though well he deserved to die. Who will purge me from his death, for rightfully I slew him, unrighteous and accursed as he was?"

And the old man answered:

"That will the heroes do, the sons of Phytalus, who dwell beneath the elm tree in Aphidnai, by the bank of silver Cephisus; for they know the mysteries of the gods. Thither you shall go and be purified, and after you shall be our king."

So he took an oath of the people of Eleusis, that they

would serve him as their king, and went away next morning across the Thriasian plain, and over the hills toward Aphidnai, that he might find the sons of Phytalus.

And as he was skirting the Vale of Cephisus, along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up the valley, and to reach Aphidnai in the Vale of Cephisus."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidnai to-night, for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you, for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus' hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forwards, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary: yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why;

for, though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky like a toad's; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus as he looked round at that doleful place. And he asked at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes; but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their ware.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me, too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once!"

And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep pass.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his faggot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said:

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said:

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."

Then the old man clapped his hands together and cried:

"O house of Hades, man-devouring! will thy maw never be full? Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it, save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough; but me only he spared, seven weary years agone; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in brazen-gated Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."

Then Theseus said nothing, but he ground his teeth together.

"Escape, then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a

young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed; and the young man's hands and feet he cut off, but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably — but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the stretcher, though his father called him Damastes. Flee from him: yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee"; and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" and the old man screamed after him down the glen, but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then Procrustes' countenance changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste; but Theseus leaped on him, and cried:

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his

dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

And once again he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down to Hades squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and parted the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, down the slopes of oak, and lentisk, and arbutus, and fragrant bay, till he came to the Vale of Cephisus, and the pleasant town of Aphidnai, and the home of the Phytalid heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

And there they built an altar, and bade him bathe in Cephisus, and offer a yearling ram, and purified him from the blood of Sinis, and sent him away in peace.

And he went down the valley by Acharnai, and by the silver-swirling stream, while all the people blessed him, for the fame of his prowess had spread wide, till he saw the plain of Athens, and the hill where Athene dwells.

So Theseus went up through Athens, and all the people ran out to see him; for his fame had gone before him, and every one knew of his mighty deeds. And all cried, "Here comes the hero who slew Sinis, and Phaia the wild sow of Crommyon, and conquered Kerkuon in wrestling, and slew Procrustes the pitiless." But Theseus went on sadly and steadfastly, for his heart yearned after his father; and he said, "How shall I deliver him from these leeches who suck his blood?"

Charles Kingsley

So he went up the holy stairs, and into the Acropolis, where Ægeus' palace stood; and he went straight into Ægeus' hall, and stood upon the threshold, and looked round.

And there he saw his cousins sitting about the table at the wine; many a son of Pallas, but no Ægeus among them. There they sat and feasted, and laughed, and passed the wine cup round; while harpers harped, and slave girls sang, and the tumblers showed their tricks.

Loud laughed the sons of Pallas, and fast went the wine cup round; but Theseus frowned, and said under his breath, "No wonder that the land is full of robbers, while such as these bear rule."

Then the Pallantids saw him, and called to him, half drunk with wine, "Holla, tall stranger at the door, what is your will to-day?"

"I come hither to ask for hospitality."

"Then take it, and welcome. You look like a hero and a bold warrior; and we like such to drink with us."

"I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the king, the master of this house."

At that some growled, and some laughed, and shouted: "Heyday! we are all masters here."

"Then I am master as much as the rest of you," said Theseus, and he strode past the table up the hall, and looked around for Ægeus; but he was nowhere to be seen.

The Pallantids looked at him, and then at each other; and each whispered to the man next him, "This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out at the door." But each man's neighbor whispered in return, "His shoulders are broad; will you rise and put him out?" So they all sat still where they were.

Then Theseus called to the servants, and said, "Go tell

King Ægeus, your master, that Theseus of Trœzene is here, and asks to be his guest awhile."

A servant ran and told Ægeus, where he sat in his chamber within, by Medeia the dark witch woman, watching her eye and hand. And when Ægeus heard of Trœzene he turned pale and red again, and rose from his seat trembling, while Medeia watched him like a snake.

"What is Trœzene to you?" she asked. But he said hastily: "Do you not know who this Theseus is? The hero who has cleared the country from all monsters; but that he came from Trœzene, I never heard before. I must go out and welcome him."

So Ægeus came out into the hall; and when Theseus saw him, his heart leaped into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and welcome him; but he controlled himself, and said: "My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I discover myself"; and he bowed low before Ægeus, and said, "I have delivered the king's realm from many monsters; therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king."

And old Ægeus looked on him, and loved him, as what fond heart would not have done? But he only sighed and said:

"It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you; for surely you are no mortal man, or at least no mortal's son."

"All I ask," said Theseus, "is to eat and drink at your table."

"That I can give you," said Ægeus, "if at least I am master in my own hall."

Then he bade them put a seat for Theseus, and set before him the best of the feast; and Theseus sat and ate so much that all the company wondered at him; but always he kept his club by his side.

But Medeia the dark witch woman had been watching him all the while. She saw how Ægeus turned red and pale when the lad said that he came from Trœzene. She saw, too, how his heart was opened towards Theseus, and how Theseus bore himself before all the sons of Pallas, like a lion among a pack of curs. And she said to herself: "This youth will be master here; perhaps he is nearer to Ægeus already than mere fancy. At least the Pallantids will have no chance by the side of such as he."

Then she went back into her chamber modestly, while Theseus ate and drank; and all the servants whispered: "This, then, is the man who killed the monsters! How noble are his looks, and how huge his size! Ah, would that he were our master's son!"

But presently Medeia came forth, decked in all her jewels and her rich Eastern robes, and looking more beautiful than the day, so that all the guests could look at nothing else. And in her right hand she held a golden cup, and in her left a flask of gold; and she came up to Theseus, and spoke in a sweet, soft, winning voice:

"Hail to the hero, the conqueror, the unconquered, the destroyer of evil things! Drink, hero, of my charmed cup, which gives rest after every toil, which heals all wounds and pours new life into the veins. Drink of my cup, for in it sparkles the wine of the East, and Nepenthe, the comfort of the Immortals."

And as she spoke, she poured the flask into the cup; and the fragrance of wine spread through the hall, like the scent of thyme and roses.

And Theseus looked up in her fair face and into her deep dark eyes. And as he looked, he shrank and shuddered; for they were dry like the eyes of a snake. And he rose, and said, "The wine is rich and fragrant, and the

wine bearer as fair as the Immortals; but let her pledge me first herself in the cup, that the wine may be the sweeter from her lips."

Then Medeia turned pale, and stammered, "Forgive me, fair hero; but I am ill, and dare drink no wine."

And Theseus looked again into her eyes, and cried, "Thou shalt pledge me in that cup, or die." And he lifted up his brazen club, while all the guests looked on aghast.

Medeia shrieked a fearful shriek, and dashed the cup to the ground and fled; and where the wine flowed over the marble pavement the stone bubbled and crumbled and hissed under the fierce venom of the draught.

But Medeia called her dragon chariot, and sprang into it and fled aloft, away over land and sea, and no man saw her more.

And Ægeus cried, "What hast thou done?" But Theseus pointed to the stone, "I have rid the land of an enchantment; now I will rid it of one more."

And he came close to Ægeus, and drew from his bosom the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother bade him.

And Ægeus stepped back a pace and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim; and then he cast himself on his neck and wept, and Theseus wept on his neck till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people and cried, "Behold my son, children of Cecrops, a better man than his father was before him."

Who, then, were mad but the Pallantids though they had been mad enough before? And one shouted, "Shall we make room for an upstart, a pretender, who comes from we know not where?" And another, "If he be one,

we are more than one; and the stronger can hold his own." And one shouted one thing, and one another; for they were hot and wild with wine; but all caught swords and lances off the wall, where the weapons hung around, and sprang forward to Theseus, and Theseus sprang forward to them.

And he cried, "Go in peace, if you will, my cousins; but if not, your blood be on your own heads." But they rushed at him; and then stopped short and railed him, as curs stop and bark when they rouse a lion from his lair.

But one hurled a lance from the rear rank, which passed close by Theseus' head; and at that Theseus rushed forward, and the fight began indeed. Twenty against one they fought, and yet Theseus beat them all; and those who were left fled down into the town, where the people set on them, and drove them out, till Theseus was left alone in the palace, with Ægeus his new-found father. But before nightfall all the town came up, with victims, and dances, and songs; and they offered sacrifices to Athene and rejoiced all the night long, because their king had found a noble son, and an heir to his royal house.

So Theseus stayed with his father all the winter; and when the spring equinox drew near all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and Theseus saw it, and asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father and asked him; but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen: it is enough to have to face them when they come."

And when the spring equinox came, a herald came to Athens, and stood in the market and cried, "O people and King of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a

great lamentation arose throughout the city. But Theseus stood up to the herald and cried:

"And who are you, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your herald's staff, I would brain you with this club."

And the herald answered proudly, for he was a grave and ancient man:

"Fair youth, I but do my master's bidding, Minos, the King of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

"I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come."

"To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, and confirmed his promise with an oath. For Minos conquered all this land, and Megara which lies to the east, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son Androgeos came hither to the Panathenaic games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero. But when Ægeus saw his valor, he envied him, and feared lest he should join the sons of Pallas, and take away the scepter from him. So he plotted against his life, and slew him basely, no man knows how or where. Some say that he waylaid him by Oinoe, on the road which goes to Thebes; and some that he sent him against the bull of Marathon, that the beast might kill him. But Ægeus says that the young men killed him from envy, because he had conquered them in the games. So Minos came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute — seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied Crete."

And Theseus ground his teeth together, and said, "Wert

thou not a herald, I would kill thee for saying such things of my father; but I will go to him, and know the truth." So he went to his father, and asked him; but he turned away his head and wept, and said: "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart by question; it is enough to endure in silence."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

And Ægeus shrieked, and cried: "You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth, which Daidalos made for him among the rocks — Daidalos the renegade, the accursed, the pest of this his native land. From that labyrinth no one can escape, entangled in its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur, the monster who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom. And he stood awhile like a tall stone pillar on the cliffs above some hero's grave; and at last he spoke:

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evildoers and monsters, that I might free this land? Where are Periphetes, and Sinis, and Kerkuon, and Phaia the wild sow? Where are the fifty sons of Pallas? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stay me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must

leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster, defenseless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said: "Are there no stones in that labyrinth; and have I not fists and teeth? Did I need my club to kill Kerkuon, the terror of all mortal men?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but he would not hear; and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly, and said only this one word:

"Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be: take down the black sail of the ship (for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs), and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe."

And Theseus promised, and went out, and to the market place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens, who were to sail in that doleful crew. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that; but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried:

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said: "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people following them, lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions: "Have hope, for the monster is not immortal. Where are Periphetes, and Sinis, and Sciron, and all whom I have slain?" Then their hearts were comforted a little; but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs of Sunium rang, and all the

isles of the Ægean Sea, with the voice of their lamentation, as they sailed on toward their deaths in Crete.

III

How Theseus slew the Minotaur

And at last they came to Crete, and to Cnossus beneath the peaks of Ida, and to the palace of Minos the great king, to whom Zeus himself taught laws. So he was the wisest of all mortal kings, and conquered all the Ægean isles; and his ships were as many as the sea gulls, and his palace like a marble hill. And he sat among the pillars of the hall upon his throne of beaten gold, and around him stood the speaking statues which Daidalos had made by his skill. For Daidalos was the most cunning of all Athenians, and he first invented the plumb-line, and the augur, and glue, and many a tool with which wood is wrought. And he first set up masts in ships, and yards, and his son made sails for them; but Perdix, his nephew, excelled him; for he first invented the saw and its teeth, copying it from the backbone of a fish; and invented, too, the chisel, and the compasses, and the potter's wheel which molds the clay. Therefore Daidalos envied him, and hurled him headlong from the temple of Athene; but the goddess pitied him (for she loves the wise), and changed him into a partridge, which flits forever about the hills. And Daidalos fled to Crete, to Minos, and worked for him many a year, till he did a shameful deed, at which the sun hid his face on high.

Then he fled from the anger of Minos, he and Icaros his son having made themselves wings of feathers, and fixed the feathers with wax. So they flew over the sea toward Sicily; but Icaros flew too near the sun, and the

wax of his wings was melted, and he fell into the Icarian Sea. But Daidalos came safe to Sicily, and there wrought many a wondrous work; for he made for King Cocalos a reservoir, from which a great river watered all the land, and a castle and a treasury on a mountain, which the giants themselves could not have stormed; and in Selinos he took the steam which comes up from the fires of Ætna, and made of it a warm bath of vapor, to cure the pains of mortal men; and he made a honeycomb of gold, in which the bees came and stored their honey, and in Egypt he made the forecourt of the temple of Hephaistos in Memphis, and a statue of himself within it, and many another wondrous work. And for Minos he made statues which spoke and moved, and the temple of Britomartis, and the dancing-hall of Ariadne, which he carved of fair white stone. And in Sardinia he worked for Iölaos, and in many a land besides, wandering up and down forever with his cunning, unlovely and accursed by men.

But Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. And Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of Androgeos might be avenged. Then Theseus cried:

"A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

"Who art thou, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, Ægeus the king of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter."

And Minos pondered awhile, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, "The lad means to atone by his own death for his father's sin"; and he answered at last mildly:

"Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

And at that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him; take the madman away."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos' daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart; and said:

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! for I dare not stay after you are gone; for my father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent awhile; for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty; but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care: but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

Then she loved him all the more, and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care: but it must be a strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcase."

Then she loved him all the more, and said:

"Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the beast; and a clew of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape safe you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done."

Then Theseus laughed, and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clew in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

And when the evening came, the guards came in and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into that doleful gulf, through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clew. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw him, he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's; but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion, and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus, he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and ere he could turn in the narrow

path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled bellowing wildly; for he never before had felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clew of thread in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent beds, among the sunless roots of Ida, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clew of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place; and saw waiting for him — whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ship together, and leaped on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos' ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos: and there Ariadne became Theseus' wife.

IV

How Theseus fell by his Pride

But that fair Ariadne never came to Athens with her husband. Some say that Theseus left her sleeping on

Naxos among the Cyclades; and that Dionusos the wine-king found her, and took her up into the sky, as you shall see some day in a painting of old Titian's — one of the most glorious pictures upon earth. And some say that Dionusos drove away Theseus, and took Ariadne from him by force; but however that may be, in his haste or in his grief, Theseus forgot to put up the white sail. Now Ægeus his father sat and watched on Sunium day after day, and strained his old eyes across the sea to see the ship afar. And when he saw the black sail, and not the white one, he gave up Theseus for dead, and in his grief he fell into the sea, and died; so it is called the Ægean Sea to this day.

And now Theseus was king of Athens, and he guarded it and ruled it well.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.